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## THE TWO CAPITALS OF JAPAN.

BY FRANK G. CARPENTER.



THE life of the present emperor of Japan may be divided into two very nearly equal periods. The first was one of quiet, inaction, and seclusion. The second has been filled to the brim with the din of changing government, personal publicity, and the fiercest of struggles toward a different civilization. The first was spent behind the walls of the holy place in the sacred capital of Kioto. The second has been in the thick of the new Japan, in the palaces of the former city of the *shoguns*, the great capital of Tokio, the famous Yeddo of our schoolboy geographies. These two cities symbolize the two Japans of modern times. Kioto stagnates still, the center of the old religion, art, and culture. Tokio moves on, the new capital, the home of the new nobility and the dynamo, whose electric currents are carrying the forces of foreign invention and of modern civilization into every part of the thirty-eight hundred islands which make up the Japanese empire.

Both of these cities lie in the main island of Hondo, which contains twenty-five out of the thirty-eight millions of the Japanese people, and Kioto is in the center of the densest population of the empire. Tokio lies three hundred miles further to the east. A city of magnificent distances, it spreads itself out on a great plain bounded on one side by the beautiful bay of Veddo. It is within fourteen miles of the great seaport of Yokohama, where the Pacific steamers stop in going to and from China, and where the navies of all nations are represented time and again during the year. It is the greatest city of Japan, and its more than one million of people make it the peer in numbers of Brooklyn or Philadelphia, while the push and rush of its busier streets remind one of some parts of New York or Chicago.

It is a curious city. Of Japan, it is not Japan. Its main street, the Ginza, was rebuilt by a foreign architect after one of the great fires of a few years ago, and the result is a conglomeration of the east and the west. Other streets have the wide overhanging roofs of heavy tile, with low one- or two-story buildings of Japanese architecture made up

of rooms walled with paper, and so constructed that the whole of the interiors can be seen from the street. Many of these houses are mixed stores containing foreign and Japanese goods. They are lighted at night by American coal-oil lamps, and their Japanese signs have under them attempts at English translation which are often as hard to read as the tea-box hieroglyphics of the Japanese. The small letters are mixed with the large ones. The A's, B's, D's, and P's are turned wrong side foremost, and the N's, W's, and U's are generally upside down.

The scenes upon the streets are as mixed as the signs. American street-cars, drawn by scraggy Japanese horses, trot by your jinrikisha pulled by a bare-legged cooly, and foreign carriages, with coachmen and footmen in livery, dash by rude ox-carts, the beasts of which, with great straw mats stretched above them, move lazily along, led by a bowl-hatted farmer dressed in a blue

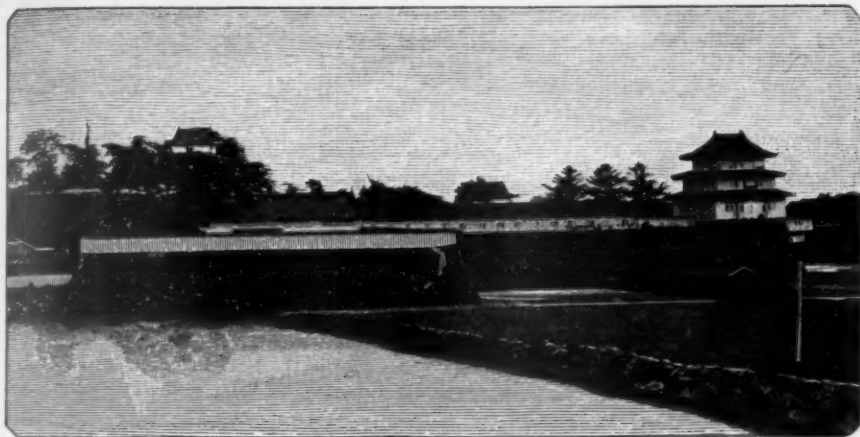
Japanese gown, and wearing upon his feet sandals of the same straw with which his ox is shod. Here a gang of half-naked men push great carts of merchandise through the streets of the great city, and their chorus of grunts at each turn of the wheels is broken in upon by the whistle of the railroad locomotive at the station. On the sidewalks the mixture grows worse than ever. The colors of the clothes are as many as those of the coat of Joseph, and the blue-gowned man of old Japan, with his head shaved at the top, and with the back hair done up in a short door-knocker cue, walks side by side with his almond-eyed brother in modern clothes. The old man's white-mittened feet clatter along on sandals, while those of his brother creak in patent leathers. The European outfit, however, of the younger brother is often one of rare combinations. I have seen Japanese on the streets of Tokio clad in a simple white well-starched shirt and a

pair of European shoes. Others have passed me dressed in frock coats, with celluloid collars fastened around their bare and shirtless necks, and with thin gauze drawers taking the place of pantaloons. I saw once an old Japanese mother with blackened teeth and shaved eyebrows walking on the Ginza in company with her daughter, who sported a genuine French bustle, and whose bunchy form looked awkward and dumpy in the foreign corset. The Japanese women, however, take less to the foreign dress than do the men. They lose their picturesqueness by the change, and the sentiment in Japan is, I think, generally in favor of the women retaining the soft, graceful, long-flowing gowns of their mothers. Many of the men, however, are well-dressed, and the highest officials of the government compare favorably in appearance and clothes with those of our capital at Washington. The motley above spoken of is chiefly that of the common people who ape their superiors, and to whom the foreign dress is altogether new.

Tokio has for centuries been a political center. It was long the seat of the *shogun*, or the Tycoon, and it was the real capital of Japan,



THE MIKADO'S HERALD.



CASTLE AND MOAT AT TOKIO, NEAR THE NEW PALACE.

though Kioto was the nominal one. The word Tokio means the capital, and it was given this title after the revolution. The name Yeddo was dropped, and it sprang forth under its new name as the capital of the Mikado. The government offices, the palace of the emperor, and the imperial household have a part of the city to themselves. This is a tract of land covering many square miles, and surrounded by a series of moats walled with stone, and crowned with old-fashioned Japanese castles. Over these moats are bridges, and they run around the imperial reservation in three circles, one within another, and in the interior space are these great government offices. The moats are filled in places with lotus plants. Their flowers of pink and white, shaped like a water lily, and as big as your two hands, with round basin-like leaves make the water a bed of bloom. Trees grow upon the walls of these moats. The moss clings to their stones, and the grass upon their tops, and the emperor's palace and garden combine to make this part of Tokio one of the most picturesque and beautiful of the parks of the world. These moats and walls were a part of the fortifications of the government of the *shogun*. During the centuries in which Tokio formed the capital of the Tycoon, or *shogun*, the commander-in-chief of the Mikado's army, the Mikado was a spiritual puppet, and he was kept by these military dictators at Kioto. He was revered by the people as the Son of Heaven, and the Tycoons

spent the money collected from the people and governed the empire. They made much of the holiness of the office of the Mikado, knowing that the holier he was the less danger there could be of his ever contesting their rule. It was death to pronounce his name, and no ordinary man ever saw his face. His name was never even written in full, and his power in reality extended only over his wives.

This government was kept up for hundreds of years. A great feudal system grew up under it. The *shoguns* had their lords or *daimios*, and these *daimios* had their retainers or *samurai*. These retainers were numbered by the tens of thousands. Their profession was war, and they went about Japan with two swords in their belts. It was inside of this castle and these moats that the *shogun* had his grand palace. Around him were the dwellings of the *daimios* of his court, and between the outer moats lived many of the retainers. Each *daimio* had an army of retainers about him, and so for centuries Yeddo was a great military camp. In time, however, the *daimios* waxed fat and lazy. With fixed incomes and nothing to do, they acquired luxurious habits and gave over the management of their estates to their chief *samurai*, who acted as stewards. These stewards about twenty years ago, seeing the rottenness of the feudal system, combined together to overthrow the *daimios* and the *shogun*, to bring the Mikado from his seclusion at Kioto,



INTERIOR OF THE NEW PALACE AT TOKIO.

and to make him the real emperor of the Japanese people, as he had been in the distant past. That conspiracy was the beginning of the new Japan, and these men are now at the head of the Japanese Government, and they are the chief movers in the march of modern Japanese progress. The story of how the *shogun* was dethroned, and how his palace and those of his lords in the inside of these moats were burned to the ground, is well known. Upon their ashes, however, has risen the new Japan. Government offices built in foreign style stand on the sites of the palaces of the *daimios*. The imperial guard goes through the exercises of the German army where the *samurai* practiced with their lances and shot their bows and arrows. The bureau of engraving and printing of Japan makes the national bank currency of the empire in one of these old feudal homes, and by the time this article is read the Mikado will be occupying his new palace, not far from the site of that in which the *shogun* reigned and ruled.

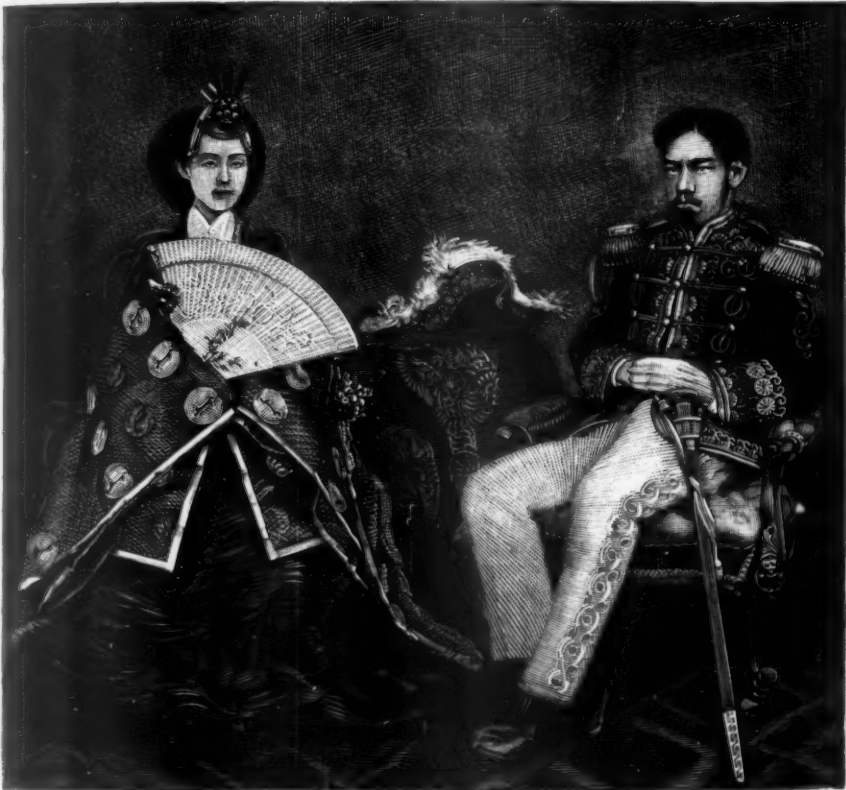
The new palace of the Mikado had its first reception on New Year's Day, 1889, when the emperor, in the uniform of the general of the army, received the foreign diplomats and his officers, with the empress by his side. The diplomats were in their gay court

dresses, the Japanese officials appeared in foreign costume, and the empress wore a dress woven in the looms of Kioto, and made in all probability by one of the great dressmakers of the world. She put on her first European dress less than two years ago. Her form was too sacred for the hands of the dressmaker, and her measure, I am told, was taken from that of a lady who was exactly her size and height. The dress was ordered of a German firm and was made by Worth. Prior to this time, the empress had worn nothing but Japanese clothes, and the picture which accompanies this article is copied from a painting of an Italian artist who made two portraits for the palace several years ago. A number of photographs were taken of both the emperor and the empress, and the best of these were forwarded to the studio of this artist at Rome. The paintings were made and they now hang in the imperial palace. The photographic plates were, however, destroyed, and at present no good photograph of either the Mikado or the empress exists. These paintings are said to be good likenesses. In them the Mikado appears in his uniform of the general of the army, and it is in this style that he has dressed during the past sixteen years. He has adopted almost altogether foreign

ways. He no longer sits and sleeps upon the floor, and the knife and fork often take the place of the chop-sticks. His new palace is a mixture of the foreign and the Japanese. It covers nine acres of ground, and it is a village of low Japanese buildings with wide, heavy overhanging roofs. These buildings are connected by long corridors, and the whole is surrounded by one of the most beautiful gardens of Japan. The palace comprises separate establishments for the Mikado and his young son, who is the heir-apparent, and the servants of these many buildings make almost an army in themselves.

The palace contains hundreds of rooms, and the private apartments of the emperor will never be shown to visitors. Standing in some of the rooms you look through what seems to be an endless vista of crystal cham-

bers, and these rooms have no windows, but they are walled with sliding screens of plate-glass. This plate-glass takes the place of the paper walls of the ordinary Japanese house, and these walls of glass run to the height of about seven feet, and they move back and forth in grooves. The ceilings are very high above them, and the walls between the ceilings and the glass are covered with fine silk woven at Kioto for the purpose. I watched the weaving of some of this wall cloth and handled it. The material was better than that of many a White House reception dress, and I was shown thick seal-brown velvet which I was told was being made for the walls of the palace. The looms were working at the curtains at the time of my visit and these at this writing, the last of September, are almost completed. They are of gorgeous brocade and



THE MIKADO AND EMPRESS OF JAPAN.



COUNT KURODO, PREMIER.

many of them are exceedingly costly. The Japanese excel in embroidery and in decoration by means of gold thread, and this imperial palace will contain the finest treasures of modern Japanese art.

The woods are especially fine. They are in their natural grain, and the pillars of many of the rooms are massive square posts of that velvet-like satin wood found in Japan. In the whole palace there is no paint; but the colored decoration is made up entirely of gilding, lacquer, and fine cloths. The ceilings are works of fine art. They are divided by lacquered ribs into many panels, each of which contains a different design, painted, embroidered, or embossed. No nails show in the wood work, and the metal work is a wonder of damascene and carved brass. The crest of the Mikado, the chrysanthemum flower, appears everywhere, and many of the ceilings are finished in gold and colors.

The rooms are in many cases very large, and the banquetting hall requires five hundred and forty square yards of matting to cover its floor. Its walls are hung with the costliest of silks, and the ceiling is finished in gold. The throne room is equally fine, and the whole palace as far as the Japanese part of the workmanship is concerned, is

worthy of an emperor. It is furnished, however, with foreign furniture, and this was bought in Germany. It is curious that the Japanese should go to Germany for the furniture for their palace, and there is no lack of criticism among the foreigners in Japan as to the poverty of the selection which they have made. The furniture is of old patterns and of a style by no means fitted to the establishment of a great ruler. The tables have thin tops, the chairs are uncomfortable, and the mantels of some of the rooms are cheaper than those of many an ordinary



COUNT ITO.

seaside cottage. Had the Japanese taken competitive bids for this furniture, the leading establishments of New York, Cleveland, Cincinnati, and other American cities could have filled the contract with credit to the United States. The palace is lighted with seventeen hundred electric lights. These are of the Edison pattern, and they are put in by an American. They are universally praised, and the contrast between them and the cheap German furniture is sharply drawn. The heating power of the palace is steam, and it is a question as to the effect that steam heat will have on Japanese cabinet-

making. In a country where the houses are warmed by boxes of charcoal, and in which the cooking stove and the baseburner have yet to appear, the bringing of steam heat into rooms made, as I am told, largely of green timber, may cause more cracks than Japanese embroidery can cover.

The Japanese Court is now practically the same as that of a European ruler. Japan has its princes, its marquises, its counts, its viscounts and its barons. It has its imperial houses made up of the descendants of the younger sons of former Mikados, and many

empress comes. If in this list no daughters appear, then the choice goes to the five families of created princes, and out of the daughters of these must come the next empress of Japan. In the mean time the young prince has eight more years to live before he attains to the age of his father at the date of his marriage, and his relations to the future empress will be such that he need not worry whether she be beautiful or homely, good-tempered or the reverse. He will have, like the present emperor, the right to twelve of the fairest of noble Japanese ladies as his most intimate companions. This is the Japanese law, and it has been so from that time when the memory of man runneth not to the contrary.

The young prince is said to be fond of military affairs, and the Japanese predict a great future for him. It may be, however, that he will drop into the groove of his father, which, it is whispered by the best posted men at the capital, is more that of a figure-head than that of a ruler. The Mikado of Japan is, it is said, on most occasions like wax in the hands of his cabinet, and though those about the Court would hardly acknowledge it, the men who really rule Japan to-day are the chief officers of the various departments and their friends. These men are the young Japan, and it is through them



COUNT INOUE.

of these houses are centuries old. The house of Arisugawa was founded two hundred and eighty-six years ago, that of Fushimi is five hundred and thirty-seven years old, and there are eight other imperial houses, through the veins of each of which flows the blue blood of royalty. The young prince, who is now nine years old, when he comes to marry, will, I am told, have a list of all the eligible daughters of these families handed to him, and from them he must choose a wife. If, however, there are no eligible daughters, there is a list of five other noble families whose daughters are brought forth. These are the families who were the noblest in Japan before the restoration, and from whom the present



COUNT OKUMA.

that these reforms have been inaugurated to such an extent that whatever might be the change of rulers they can not be stopped. There are many remarkable men among them, and the almond-eyed statesmen of Tokio will compare favorably to-day with those of the other capitals of the world.

The premier of the empire is Count Kurodo, a man of strong will, sterling integrity, and great force of character. The head of the office of the foreign affairs of the empire is Count Okuma, who succeeds Count Inouye, the latter having resigned after the failure of the treaty conference of this year. Kurodo is also a new officer and he takes the place of Count Ito. Counts Ito and Inouye are among the most remarkable men of the new empire, and the story of their struggle for Japan reads like a romance. It was told me by an English officer connected with the Japanese Government, and I give it as nearly as possible in his own words.

Before the restoration, when the Tycoon governed at Tokio and the Mikado was still kept inside the walls of his palace at Kioto, there were foreign and anti-foreign parties in Japan. The Tycoon was treating with the foreigners and there was a foreign settlement at Yokohama. At this time about a hundred hot-headed *samurai* boys conspired together at Tokio to go to Yokohama and to clean the foreigners from the face of Japan. They started one dark night, and had gotten half way on their journey when they found themselves surrounded by soldiers. They fought their way out and returned to Tokio. Among these boys were Ito and Inouye, then about twenty years of age. They were under the Prince of Chosiu, and this prince was the chief of the anti-foreign faction. After this failure they concluded that the killing of the foreigners at Yokohama would be only the beginning of the war with them. They had seen their great war-ships, and they knew that Japan could not successfully fight them on the sea. They talked over the situation, and concluded that the only safety for Japan was in her having as good ships and as good guns as the foreigners. They went to their prince and told him that they wanted to go to England with three other picked youth of their band. They wanted to study English customs, to master the great secret of naval supremacy and bring it back to Japan. The Japanese could then build ships and they

could wage a successful war. The prince was pleased with the idea. He gave them five thousand dollars, and Inouye went to Yokohama and arranged with the consul to ship them as common sailors to Shanghai. There were five boys in the party, and they were taken on board the ship in the Yokohama harbor one dark and rainy night. They thus got away from Japan without the knowledge of the Tycoon.

The money in the mean while had been sent on to one of the noted English trading houses at Shanghai, and when they arrived there the house was ready to ship them to England as passengers. Ito and Inouye were full of their mission, and kept saying over again and again to the members of the firm the only English word they knew, which was navigation. The merchants took it for granted they wanted to be sailors, and instead of sending them on to London as passengers, with instructions that they be sent to a good naval school, they shipped them as common sailors on a sailing ship which went around the Cape of Good Hope for London. They left Shanghai with forty dollars in their pockets, and they were kicked and cuffed around during the voyage until they became able seamen. The sailors learned that they had money with them, and they did not let them rest until the most of their forty dollars had been gambled from them.

The moment the vessel reached London the officers and crew left the ship, and the two Japanese runaways found themselves alone. They were dazed with the din and the sights and the confusion of the great city. In the center of millions of people, they did not know which way to turn nor where to go. The fire in the ship was out, the cook was gone, and there was not a bit of food to be had. They expected some one would come for them, but after waiting a long time they grew so hungry that they decided to go out and buy something to eat. They had three dollars left, but they did not know the value of money in England. They thought, however, that this would buy them some boiled rice, a bowl of soup, or a bit of raw fish. Taking a paper with them, they marked on this a diagram of the route they took in order that they might get back to the ship, and after devious wanderings came at length to a baker's shop. There were loaves of bread on the counter, and Ito, not knowing



JAPANESE LADIES.

the price, laid down the whole of his three dollars and picked up a loaf. He had no idea how much it was worth, and he supposed that if it was less than three dollars the baker would give him the change. The baker saw that he was a foreigner, and swept the whole of the three dollars into the till. The two boys then started to go back to the ship, but they found they had lost their diagram. They walked the streets of London for hours, and it was dusk before they returned. They ate their bread, however, and

the next day a messenger from the merchant came for them and gave them good lodgings and plenty of money. They spent some time in England, and their bright minds soon grasped the fact that Japan could never make a successful struggle against such wealth and such a mighty nation as that about them. They considered it their duty to go back and tell their prince what they had learned. The merchants told them that they had received no orders from Japan, and they could not ship them without orders. Ito and Inouye then

shipped before the mast as common seamen. They went again around the Cape of Good Hope and finally reached their prince. He was fighting the foreigners at the time and their news was received with anything but joy. Inouye was set upon by a band of angry soldiers and slashed, hacked, and left for dead by the roadside. He recovered consciousness, and was able to crawl to his mother's house, where by careful nursing he was brought back to life. He bears on his face to-day the scars of the wounds he received then. In the struggle that ensued between the Tycoon and the forces of the revolutionists both he and Ito came again to the front. They have been in the front ever since. They have aided Japan in the establishment of her railways, her telegraphs, and her post-offices, and it has been by the aid of their influence that she has now one of the best navies of the East.

It is through the efforts of such men as these that Japan is opening her doors to the world. Inouye is anxious to have the citizens of all nations do business in all parts of Japan, provided they will submit to Japanese laws. He would like to see foreign capital introduced, and he thinks that a revision of the treaties would increase the Japanese foreign trade. Under such ideas the ways of Japanese business are rapidly changing. The Japanese merchant still wears his long gown, and calculates his profits and losses with a box of buttons strung on wires. He still sits on his heels in his little store open to the street, and the floor still forms his counter. His mind, however, is wonderfully bright, and he is not backward to grasp at new goods as fast as he finds a demand for them. He is learning to invest in other things than those of merchandise, and the people of Japan are awaking from the age of



A BELLE OF TOKIO.

war and servitude to that of modern speculation and of accumulating fortunes. Tokio has already its stock exchange, and the Japanese newspapers give daily quotations of the markets. The Japanese speculate upon the rise and fall of their public bonds, of their railway stocks, and of their mining interests, and there are stocks here which rank up with the best of American securities in value. From a paper which lies before me I see that the Nipon Ginko Bank stock is worth two hundred and forty-four, and that the stock of the First National Bank of Japan goes at one hundred and twenty-four per cent. above par. Seven per cent. capitalized pension bonds bring one hundred and five, and the bonds of the Nakasendo Railroad are worth one hundred and six cents on the dollar. The Electric Light Company of Japan sells stock at thirty-six, and the Tokio Gas Company's stock brings ninety-nine. Tokio street-cars pay well, and their stock is worth two hundred and forty-two, while one of the leading Japanese life insurance companies sells its stocks readily at thirty-nine per cent. above par. The quotations of the dividends of the various companies show that these values are founded upon their interest-bearing properties. The Nipon Ginko Bank pays such a



JAPANESE MERCHANT.

good dividend that it can afford to give interest at the rate of from one to three per cent. on fixed deposits of over three months, and I see that forty-four of the national banks of Japan are quoted as having just paid semi-yearly dividends of from five to twenty per cent. on capital stocks, ranging from thirty thousand to three hundred and fifty thousand dollars in amount. The Eighty-fourth National Bank, with a capital of ninety thousand dollars, pays twenty per cent. semi-yearly, and the Ninth National Bank, which has a capital stock of two hundred thousand dollars, is paying a semi-annual dividend of fifteen per cent. It is so with all the national banks quoted. They represent all parts of Japan, and are organized on our banking system. It is the same in private companies. The Tokio Gas Company is here quoted as having made ten per cent. on three hundred and fifty thousand dollars in the past six months, and the Otsu Lake Steamship Company, with a capital of five hundred thousand dollars, is quoted at a percentage which makes its dividends about one hundred thousand dollars a year.

The railroad era of Japan is now at its full; and Japan has, I am told, lately invested about ninety million dollars in new railroads. In a short time the old and new capitals will be joined by iron bands, and the screech of the locomotive is making its impression upon the old civilization of the interior. The change in Japan began at the top, and the countryman and the agriculturist are, to a large extent, the same as they were a thousand years ago. They will be the last to succumb to the new civilization; but the daily newspaper is eating its way among



JAPANESE PRIEST.

them, and the government regulation, which provides that every man shall serve in the army from three to seven years of his life, will aid in the work of change. At present the contrast between the rolling wheels of the modern cars and the work of the Japanese farmers is that of the two extremes of the past and the present. The farmer of Japan does his work in the rudest and most laborious of ways. He wears a hat like a butter bowl, tied to his head by straw ropes. Dressed in a blue gown, he goes bare-footed or clothes his feet in straw sandals, and he farms his fields with a long-handled mattock, the blade of which is nearly as wide as a spade. In some parts of Japan he plows with an ox harnessed to a stick, and in damp weather he throws a straw rain-coat about his shoulders, which makes him look more like a great bird than a man. He considers himself happy if the rice crop is good and he has enough left at the end of the year to pay his taxes. If he is a farm-laborer he is content with ten cents a day. He believes in the Buddhist or the Shinto religion, and he reveres the Mikado as the Son of Heaven. It is through this reverence which the farmers and the common people have for the emperor that it will never be possible for any faction to rule Japan which has not his nominal sanction.

This reverence made Kioto a sacred city, and when the treaties were entered into with the foreign powers, by which they were allowed to reside and do business in certain ports, it was strictly provided that no foreigner should come within twenty-five miles



JAPANESE FARMER.

of Kioto. It has only been within the past few years that passports have been granted for travelers to visit Kioto, and in 1882 so great was the fear of violence to foreigners felt by the officials that policemen accompanied them whenever they went about the city. At present, however, Kioto can be visited by any foreigner who has a passport from the government. It has a foreign hotel, and I have lived in it for two weeks, and have had nothing but smiles while I walked through its temples, and there were no scowls when, through the influence of the government at Tokio, I penetrated to the inmost recesses of the *sanctum sanctorum* of Japanese royalty, the interior of the great palace of the Mikado himself.

Kioto is as different from Tokio as Milan is different from Naples. Lying as it does in a great basin surrounded by green hills, which rise from it like the seats of an amphitheater, its skies are as blue and its sunsets as bright as those of the Mediterranean. Above the ridged roofs of the plain of one- and two-story houses rise here and there the mightiest of its five thousand temples. The shrines of the Buddhists and the great *torii* of the Shinto places of worship peep out of the trees on every hillside. Jolly fat priests with beads and long gowns mix with the people on its streets, and the sound of its wonderful bells makes the air reverberate as from all parts they strike out the hours. Kioto is the seat of art and music as well as of religion, and its people are the votaries of pleasure as well as of the gods. Dancing girls abound, and the *geisha*, with her pantomimic posturing dance, is seen in many a tea-house. The people dress in brighter colors than do those at Tokio, and the gorgeousness of the costumes of the Kioto beauties are celebrated to the ends of Japan. The brightest of reds and the richest of blues make the scenes of the streets a panorama of ever-changing colors. The ugly innovations of foreign fashions have never invaded the sacred city. The belles of Kioto appear to-day as they did when the Mikado held here his Court, and their long faces and highly arched eyebrows show out the blue blood of the old capital as they wobble along on lacquered wooden shoes, in brocaded dresses, with the brightest of silk crape skirts shining out at their feet.

Kioto is the center of the art work of the

Japanese Empire. Its porcelains are among the finest, and the rich gold and gorgeous paintings which go to America are put on here. The painting is done by hand, and Japanese art has yet to know the benumbing effects of modern machinery. At low wages, the artists seem to throw their souls into their work; and I saw yesterday a pair of vases about a foot high and about six inches in diameter, which were intended for the Paris Exposition. They had consumed three years of constant work in their making, and they were wonders of flowers and birds in *cloisonné*. They were being made in a shop which was not more than ten feet square, and the maker told me that the pair was worth one thousand dollars, but that it was not for sale. The velvet brocades and fine silks of Kioto are made by hand, and in a little shop where six silk looms were being managed by twice as many workmen, I saw some of the most noted of the silk weavers of Japan. They were making silk brocades for the dresses of the empress, and curtains for the new palace. And as they threw the shuttle back and forth, moving the looms the while with their bare feet, I saw that the patterns were both costly and beautiful. I asked their wages, and was told that they received from thirty to sixty cents a day. It is in these little shops that the silk weaving and the porcelain-making of Japan goes on. The country has not yet learned the use of machinery, and it has yet to hear of monopolies and trusts.

Here at Kioto everything calls up the past, and the Mikado's palace is much the same to-day as it was when he was taken from it twenty years ago to begin his reign at Tokio. Armed with my permit from the household department of the emperor, and accompanied by a guide furnished by the governor of the city, I visited it. Its grounds cover about twenty-six acres, and they are in the shape of a parallelogram. A massive wall of stucco, roofed with heavy tile, runs around them, and the gates of this are as tall as a good-sized house, and their great curved roofs of thatch about two feet thick slope down and out in the purest style of the architecture of the old Japanese. The massive doors within these swing on heavy hinges. They are gorgeous in their carving, and the work upon them is that of the old masters. There is no paint to spoil the delicate color of the



GATE OF THE MIKADO'S PALACE.

carved wood. The ends of the beams have been covered with gold leaf, and the whole is a symphony of soft old browns, wooden grays, and golden yellows. It is through this gate that the royal family enters the palace, and the gate-keeper living near it came out in gown and sandals at the call of our guide, and led us through and into the palace. At the doors of this we stopped and took off our shoes, for no one wears shoes in a Japanese house, much less in the palace of the Mikado. The palace from the outside

rooms of the palace look out. They are square, and their walls are covered with gold leaf and decorated with the paintings of Japanese masters. No nails are visible, and the joinings of the beams are covered with the finest of carved brass work. The crest of the emperor, the chrysanthemum, is everywhere, and upon these bits of brass are seen the fine art of the Japanese metal workers.

In one of the rooms I was shown the throne on which the Mikado used to re-



A CORNER OF TOKIO.

appears far different from those of Windsor, Versailles, or Potsdam. If it were dropped down on an American plain, and its exterior gates were not so gorgeously decorated as to carvings, and its thatched roof was not so thick and beautifully curved, it might be taken for a multitude of stables. It comprises many long and wide one-story buildings covered with these high overhanging Japanese roofs, made of thatch and unpainted, and unornamented save by the touch of time and of nature.

The interior is made up of corridor after corridor, shut out from the air by walls of paper lattice, and into these corridors the

ceives his ministers of state. A curious throne it is. It looks more like a four-post bedstead with its long white silk curtains falling from the top to the floor than like the seat of royalty. These curtains are of the finest brocade. They are painted with a white outline of thousands of storks, so drawn that they seem to form a sort of watered silk of the rich stuff, and they hang so that the whole throne looks like a great white silk box. With my sacrilegious hands I parted these curtains at the middle of the front and looked in. I saw the royal throne of the Mikado, the place which for ages the Japanese people have worshiped as



OLD JAPAN.

the holiest of the holy things of this earth, and the interior of which, twenty years ago, had been probably seen by fewer Japanese men than you could count on your fingers, and upon which at that time the eye of foreigner had never looked.

And what is it after all? It is nothing but a piece of matting not more than a yard and a half square, laid on a platform raised about four inches above the floor of this silk-covered cage. The floor itself is four inches from the ground, and the curtains of the throne hang from a square frame supported by four black lacquered posts about two inches square, which stand at the four corners of this floor. At the right and the left of the Mikado's throne are two small lacquered tables, each a foot high. One of these was intended for his sword and the other for his shield, as in his robes of state he sat cross-legged on this mat while he received his ministers. In the front of the throne and just outside of it are two hideously carved dogs of wood, and in one corner of this throne-room the floor is paved with cement. These dogs were emblematic of the

Shinto religion, and this cement was the place where the Mikado worshiped his ancestors. According to the Shinto rites he must stand upon the earth to do this, but the Mikado's feet were considered too holy to touch the ground, so his attendants brought fresh earth every morning, and upon this the emperor stood, or knelt and worshiped.

At the right of the throne-room was the royal bed-chamber, and I took a look at the luxurious couch on which this god-born Mikado reclined in days of yore. It was much like the throne only larger. A raised platform two inches from the floor had a covering of very fine white matting bound with red silk, and this was not more than six feet long by four feet wide. He probably slept upon this with one of the wadded covers of Japanese make above and below him, and rested his royal head on a wooden pillow cushioned with silk. It was contrary to the custom if he used sheets or pillow-cases, for all Japan sleeps upon the floor. His bedroom had no opening save into the



NEW JAPAN.

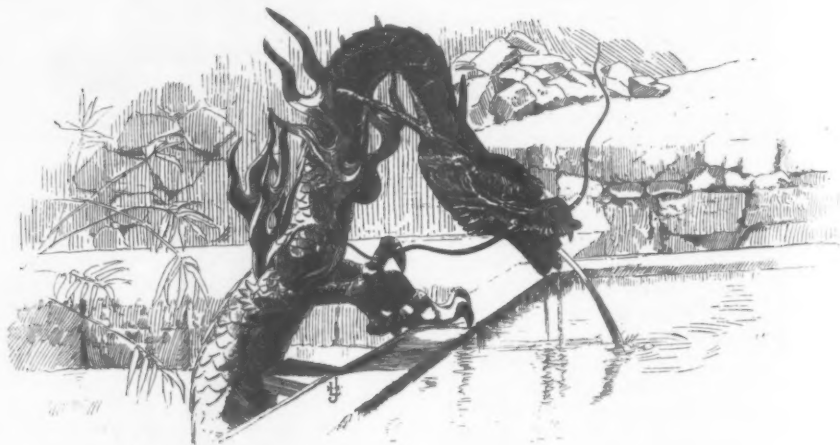
throne-room, and these apartments were not accessible to any but his chief ministers and his wives.

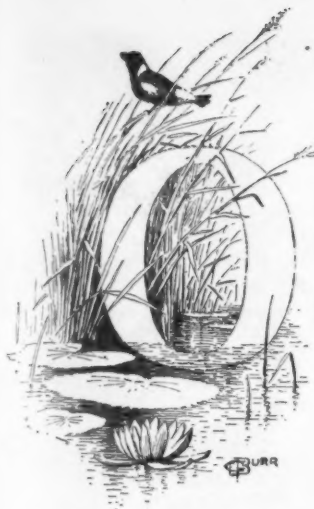
Passing on from this room we were shown the grand throne-room in which the present Mikado was crowned, and where he held his court, I am told, during his visit to Kioto last year. It is of immense size. More than one hundred feet long, it is nearly as wide, and its roof is upheld by great pillars, and heavy beams of pine at least four feet square run from one side of the top to the other. The walls are lined with gold leaf, and decorated with paintings of the Chinese sages. A throne much similar in exterior to that which I described above stood at the back of the room, but in this was placed a chair with a wide seat, upon which lies a square mat bound with silk. This is large enough to allow the emperor to sit cross-legged upon it if he chooses; but the chair is modern, and I doubt not the Mikado uses it in the ordinary way.

Leaving the throne-rooms we were led through room after room of this same Japanese style, with rich ceilings and sliding walls, carpeted with matting and covered with gold leaf. We saw the house set aside

for the empress, were pointed to the Mikado's culinary department, and took a stroll in the royal Japanese gardens.

We then took *jinrikishas* and drove to the castle of the *shogun*, for the Tycoon had a residence at Kioto as well as at Tokio. His castle at the Mikado's home was much finer than that of the emperor himself, and the most skilled of Japanese carvers and the greatest of Japanese artists had been employed to beautify his house. The palace seemed mean and cheap beside this great mansion of the commander-in-chief of the Japanese armies, and the Tycoon evidently thought the Mikado well clad in his robe of righteousness and reverence, and too holy to need the luxurious things of this world. Both palace and castle, however, now belong to the Mikado. His crest has taken the place of that of the *shogun* on the great brass-covered gates of the latter, and the usurper and his heirs have been dethroned and their system destroyed. After long centuries of seclusion the Mikado is again at the head of his people, and the new Japan goes rapidly on, governed by the same blood which has either really or nominally ruled it for more than two thousand years.





## THE BOBOLINK.

BY S. MILLER HAGEMAN.

VER the crumbs of a Southern camp, shaded with  
palm and pine,  
A company of convivial birds sat down one day to  
dine;

While from the trees that leaned about on their up-  
roarious glee,  
The more conservative butternuts frowned supercil-  
iously.

There were parrots and pewees and nuthatches and  
chickadees and chats;  
There were thrashers and cat-birds and cardinals with  
feathers in their hats;

There were redstarts and merles and cedar-birds and flycatchers and crows,  
And little Maryland yellow-throats and grosbeaks and vireos.

At the head of the table sat the owl, with a sanctimonious face;  
For he seemed, with both eyes tightly shut, forever saying grace;

While, as the dinner was discussed, the chat cried out, "What cheer?"  
And the parrot took a mint julep, and they all drank blackberry beer;

And after they had dined and drunk, and each one had wiped his mouth,  
They all began to sing funny songs, down there in the sunny South.

The titmouse sang, "I will lift up my voice," upside down, till the birds all roared;  
The blue-jay twanged on his bagpipe, "In mercy hear, O Lord!"

The doves billed and cooed in tender strains, "O sweet is the honeymoon;"  
And the sand-piper bobbed about and piped, "Don't make up your minds too soon."

The meadow-lark shrilled from a tuft of grass, "I see you, you can't see me,"  
And the mocking-bird sat and mocked them all in the tall palmetto-tree.

When

Up from the thicket-tops out bobolinkum pops,  
Shaking his love-calls over the lea,  
Freaking and frolicking round in his rollicking,  
Now with the butterfly, now with the bee;  
Telling his Northern name till all the birds exclaim,  
As he breaks up the banquet, "That's Bob! See him! See!"  
See how the mocking-bird bends to that talking-bird.  
"No use, mocking-bird, you can't mock me."  
Sing till the sunny South rings with thy mellow mouth,  
Song-bird of Liberty, welcome to thee!



Sing till the valleys shine with that gay song of thine,  
 Sing till the leaves laugh outright on the tree,  
 Sing till the sunny air, sing till men everywhere,  
 Sound back thy song thro' the land of the free;  
 Singing so airily, flying so fairily  
 In thy infectious, ebullient glee.  
 Listen now, mocking-bird, to that quick talking-bird.  
 Here he comes singing to that Southern she,  
 With  
 Bobolinkum, bobolinkum, funny, funny, don't you think him?  
 Kick your slipper, kick your slipper,  
 Twee, twee, twee, twee.  
 What's the matter, little lady, sitting there so very shady?  
 What, Miss Kitty, what, Miss Kitty, crying, crying, what a pity!  
 Me, me, me, me.  
 Ha, ha! I discover, she has lately lost her lover.  
 Never mind, dearie, cheer up, dearie;  
 Give me but a loving glance, sing, smile, skip, dance,  
 Kick your slipper, kick your slipper,  
 Free, free, free, free.  
 Ha, ha! bobolinkum, ha, ha! what you thinkum?  
 Come, Miss Silver Thimble, see your dimple, see your dimple,  
 Keep a laughing, keep a laughing,  
 Hee-hee-hee-hee.  
 Every maid's a little mellow till she get's another fellow.  
 Come now, dearie, cheer up, dearie.  
 You are very, very pretty; come, come, Kitty, Kitty.  
 Over hill and over hollow I'll fly, you follow.  
 Kick your slipper, kick your slipper,  
 Tse-tse-tse-tse-tse-tse-tse.

## AN EXTRAORDINARY REPUBLIC.

BY WILLIAM ELEROY CURTIS.

THE attention of people in this latitude has been so absorbed by local affairs, that political and commercial phenomena on the Southern Continent have passed unobserved. History is being written to the south of us as well as across the Atlantic, and events of universal interest and importance are occurring in constant succession. Chili, the most audacious and aggressive of nations, is ambitious to control, and ultimately to possess, the contiguous republics. The Argentine Republic, like a young giant, is just becoming conscious of her strength, is plunging with feverish impulses into all sorts of public improvements, and undertaking the development of her resources with more energy than prudence. Peru is prostrate and impoverished, and the grasp of her creditors is on her throat. Venezuela, which, like "the sick man" of the East, is usually suffering from some political ailment, is gradually becoming convalescent; but Colombia during the last twelve or fifteen months has been making history very rapidly and has been the scene of unusual and surprising events of which the Northern world knows nothing.

On the 12th of December, 1887, a strange thing happened in Colombia. The president of the Republic, Dr. Rafael Nuñez, left Bogota secretly with his wife and family. The next day, when he stopped on his journey for rest and refreshment, he telegraphed his secretary of state that he was going to his home in Carthagena, and should not return. Weary of the struggle to maintain his power, anathematized by the party which had elevated him to the presidency, suspicious of the sincerity of his new supporters, and fearing assassination by agents of the interests he had betrayed, he fled from the capital. There was no formal abdication of authority, no resignation of his office, not even an official announcement, but merely a private message to the head of his cabinet, which meant, if it did not say, that he had abandoned the government, and it must get along as well as possible without him.

On the following day, when the flight of

Nuñez became known, there was popular rejoicing. The streets were filled with processions, the walls of the half-ruined capital echoed huzzahs, the air was aflame with fireworks, and a mass-meeting of citizens was held to commend and ratify the action of the Executive Council in proclaiming Eliaso Payan, President. He held the office of *Primer Designado*, or First Vice-President, is a Liberal, a lawyer by profession, has been a general in the Colombian army, minister to France, and has at different times been a member of the Senate and House of Deputies, and presiding officer of both bodies. His first official act, upon taking the executive chair, was to declare the freedom of the press, which had been suppressed by Nuñez; and his second act was to recall from exile, and restore to the full rights of citizenship, twenty-six public men, Liberals, who had been banished by his predecessor.

Dr. Nuñez was a distinguished lawyer of the ancient city of Carthagena. He was elected President of the Republic by the Liberal party in April, 1884, but almost immediately forfeited the confidence of his supporters by his conservative and reactionary tendencies. Then followed the long and disastrous revolution of 1884-5, in which the Liberal party attempted to overthrow him. The entire resources of the government, including its credit, were exhausted; most of the shipping upon the Magdalena River, the main artery of commerce, was destroyed; the only railway in the country was torn up; the telegraph poles were stripped of their wires; many important public works were ruined, and private property devastated; the city of Aspinwall was entirely consumed by incendiary fires, and the sacrifice of human life was very great. But the President succeeded in maintaining his government, and continued to rule until 1886, when, by the votes of the conservative element, and the banishment or imprisonment of most of the Liberal leaders, he was re-elected.

But the country has been in a constant turmoil ever since, chiefly because of the reactionary policy of the president. An amend-

ment to the Constitution was adopted, abolishing the Federation, and creating a Union, like that of the United States. The official name of the country, which until 1861 was "The Republic of New Grenada," and then until 1886 "The United States of Colombia," was changed to "The Republic of Colombia," and the authority of the President considerably extended. He was virtually made Dictator, with power to suspend the operation of the law.

The Colombians are naturally a restless people. There is no country on earth where the spirit of patriotism is more highly developed, or where politics is the occupation of so large a proportion of the population. They were the first to rebel against the authority of Spain, and under the leadership of Bolivar the first to establish their independence. Eighty-five per cent. of the inhabitants are ignorant, submissive peons, of the aboriginal or mixed nativity, who care very little who governs them, or in what manner they are governed; but they make good soldiers, and are as willing to fight under one leader, and for one principle, as for another. They are obedient to the commands of their officers, and being fond of activity and excitement, reckless of their own lives, and regardless of the lives of others, can always be relied upon to create as much disturbance and cause as much disaster as possible whenever the orders are given.

The remaining fifteen per cent. of the population are to a large degree highly educated men, and most of them make politics more or less of a profession.

The young, progressive, and enterprising element compose the Liberal party. They have traveled, and realize by the comparison of conditions in their own country with those in other lands the advantages of



PRESIDENT NUÑEZ.

modern civilization. They favor the free and compulsory education of the masses, the development of the natural resources of the country, the immigration of foreigners, the expansion of trade, the adoption of democratic institutions, the introduction of modern conveniences for labor and transportation, and particularly advocate the absolute separation of ecclesiastical and secular affairs. They repudiate the temporal authority of the Church, while they still adhere to the Catholic faith.

The struggle between the Church and the Liberal party has been a political issue, as in Venezuela, Chili, the Argentine Republic, and the Republics of Mexico and Central America. As a Liberal, in sympathy with the ideas I have described, Nuñez was elected; but he now is, or until recently was,



THE CAPITOL OF COLOMBIA.

(For twenty-five years in its present unfinished condition.)

the recognized head of the conservative or clerical party, and to escape punishment at the hands of the adherents he had betrayed, vacated the Presidential chair. But the advanced Liberal policy of Payan, the Vice-President who succeeded him, was not to be tolerated, and in response to the demands of the conservative leaders, Nuñez, on the 12th of February, 1888, returned to the capital, and resumed his authority; as, under the Constitution of the country, he was permitted to do.

There was a truce between the factions, and by a mutual understanding it was to extend until after the election of a president and a new congress in the following April. But Dr. Nuñez, as is claimed by the Liberals, violated the truce, and within a month after his restoration to the presidency entered into a "concordat" with the Vatican, through the Papal Nuncio at Bogota, which wiped out, by a single stroke of his pen, all that the Liberals had accomplished in their struggle against the Church during the previous sixty years. He rescinded the decree of Payan which restored the liberty of the press, and issued an order forbidding criticism or unfavorable comments upon the acts of the Executive, under penalties of fine, imprisonment, banishment, the confiscation of property, one or all, according to his own judgment, without appeal to the courts. Regardless of this extraordinary edict, several of the Liberal newspapers protested against being deprived of rights guaranteed them by the Constitution. The action of the President was prompt and thorough. Every Liberal paper was suppressed.

To cap the climax, the Federal Council, at the dictation of Dr. Nuñez, on the 3d of April, 1888, issued a decree removing General Payan, who still held the office of First Vice-President. This was done without process of law or formal proceedings, in order that it might not be possible to restore a Liberal to power by the assassination of Nuñez. Then Payan was arrested and confined in a dungeon, without a warrant or trial, and finally banished to a distant and inaccessible town of the interior, where he still remains under guard. Thirty or more of the chief leaders of the Liberal party were also arrested, some of them being imprisoned and others banished from the country. Two or three in resisting arrest, or, as it is

claimed, in attempting to escape, were killed.

The purpose of these tyrannical proceedings was to prevent any possibility of the success of the Liberal party at the presidential and congressional election of April, 1888, which was held under the supervision of six thousand armed and well-organized soldiers. As might be inferred, there was no opposition to the administration at the polls. Forbearance was the policy of wisdom. Dr. Nuñez was re-elected President for another term, extending to April, 1890, and a congress that is unanimously conservative, and in sympathy with his despotism, was chosen.

The first act of this congress was to pass a law clothing the President with extraordinary functions; giving him the power of a czar, which he had been previously exercising without even the form of legality. No ruler on earth, not even the autocrat of Russia, has been possessed of such unlimited and despotic authority; not since the dethronement of King Thebaw, of Burmah. Nor is there a parallel to this statute in the legislation of civilized nations. The power it confers is not tolerated among savages. The president of a republic, the constitution of which guarantees civil and personal liberty, trial by jury, and subjects its Executive to the jurisdiction of its courts, is authorized to arrest, punish, and even to put to death, without legal investigation or trial, any person he suspects of conspiracy. He is authorized to confiscate private property for the use of the government in peace, and without any judicial procedure or compensation. He can expel from the country, and deprive of his political rights and possessions, any citizen he deems "unworthy of the confidence of the government." He can depose from office any member of the judicial or legislative branches of the government, and appoint his successor at will, and can remove any officer of the army without court-martial procedure. He is given absolute control over the finances of the nation, over the collection and disbursement of the revenues, and can increase and decrease taxation at his pleasure. He can impose fines and penalties upon citizens whenever he considers it proper, and collect them by military force. And finally he has the power to revoke or suspend the operation of treaties with for-

eign governments, to tax, alter, or cancel concessions granted to foreigners as well as to citizens of Colombia, and deprive them of all rights and privileges enjoyed.

An attempt to exercise the last clause of this remarkable investiture caused the downfall of Nuñez. It is supposed to have been directed chiefly at the Panama Canal Company, which, as is well known, is operating entirely within Colombian territory, under a very liberal concession from a previous administration, and a treaty with France. But there are numerous foreigners, Englishmen, Germans, Americans, Italians, in the country, who possess valuable concessions for mineral operations, navigation on the Magdalena River, and other privileges for which they have paid large sums of money. At the first demonstration of President Nuñez toward a recuperation of his finances by an attack upon these interests, the Diplomatic Corps held a meeting at which a committee was appointed to wait upon him with a warning that such a violation of treaty obligations would not be tolerated. This alarmed the congress, and created a panic among the leaders of the conservative party, and the chief men of the Church, who saw their President was about to plunge the country into complications with foreign powers that would end in calamity. But rather than yield his position Nuñez abdicated for the second time, and on the 6th of August, 1888, Dr. Carlos Holquin, who had been elected *Primero Designado*, or First Vice-President, in the place of Payan, took the chair of the Executive.

Holquin is one of the most eminent men in Colombia, a devout churchman, an ultramontane. He is a graduate of the University of Bogota, and completed his education in Europe, after which he entered upon the practice of the law, and has since served in both branches of congress. He has been in the diplomatic service for several recent years also as minister at Madrid and at London, and was recalled from the Court of St. James last spring to become Secretary of State under Nuñez. He entered upon his administration on the 8th of August, 1888, by sending a message to the congress which was intended to allay the excitement the arbitrary proceedings of his predecessor had aroused. He pledged himself to sacredly observe all treaties with foreign powers, to

respect all concessions previously granted by the government, to promote the success of all public works (meaning the Panama canal) under construction either by foreigners or citizens, to pay the interest upon the public debt,—which Nuñez had repudiated, much to the indignation of English capitalists by whom it is held,—to restore opportunities for education to the people, and to permit the free exercise of constitutional rights and privileges. Then, to reassure the Papal Nuncio, and the priests, he declared that he "should cultivate with especial care and devout reverence the relations so happily re-established with the holy Church."

Holquin continues in the presidency, and Nuñez is in retirement at his residence at Carthagena, twelve days' journey from the capital, where he is in perpetual danger of assassination by those who have suffered from his tyranny. The country is at peace, because nearly all the Liberal leaders are in prison or in exile, but its finances are in a most deplorable condition. The interest upon the public debt has not been paid for several years, and the revenues, which come almost exclusively from customs dues, have been indefinitely anticipated. President Nuñez, when the ordinary issues of paper currency became worthless, adopted a substitute in the form of custom certificates, receivable at their par value in payment of duties at all the ports of the Republic, and used them to pay his army and the other ordinary expenses of his government. The issue was unlimited and still continues, until Colombia is now flooded with it. In order to absorb the certificates as rapidly as possible, the tariff on imported goods has been increased enormously, and the apprehension that the government may repudiate even these obligations has depreciated their value to about fifty cents on the dollar. The outlook therefore is almost hopeless.

If it were not for the disordered political condition of the country, which has been almost chronic, and if Bogota were not so difficult to reach, the capital of Colombia would be a much sought and most agreeable place of resort; for the climate is perfect, and the atmosphere peculiarly adapted to persons afflicted with pulmonary complaints. The city is only about four degrees north of the equator, but, being situated in the moun-

tains, nine thousand feet above level of the sea, the temperature seldom varies more than eight or ten degrees from January to December, and averages sixty degrees Fahrenheit. There is, therefore, no change of season, and perpetual June. It would be difficult to find a stove or an overcoat in all Bogota, and from the cathedral tower which commands a view of the entire city, not a chimney nor a plume of smoke can be discovered. The wet months are March, April, May, September, October, and November, when there is usually a heavy rain each afternoon or evening, but during the remainder of the year not a drop falls, and the sky is cloudless. Two crops of vegetables and cereals are raised annually from the same soil, and all the fruits and garden products of the temperate zone, as well as those of the tropics, can be found fresh in the market every day of the year. But it is a long journey by sea to reach Savanilla, the port of the capital, and a still longer one up the Magdalena River to Honda, from which the remaining distance of seventy-five miles must be made on mule back, and requires at least four days, without comfortable stopping places, and no agreeable diversions except the sublime scenery of the Andes.

If there has been any change in the city during the last half century it has been for the worse, because of the frequent revolutions, and the lack of enterprise on the part of the government as well as the people. For these reasons, and on account of its isolated situation, Bogota has shared but little in the progress of civilization, and is the least modernized, as well as the most inaccessible, of all of the South American capitals. According to a census taken ten years ago the population is eighty-five thousand, considerably less than it was at the beginning of the century, although the citizens claim that the enumeration was imperfect, as the peon population, not understanding its purpose, and supposing that their names were being taken by the government for military service or taxation, evaded the officers as much as possible.

The capitol, as is the case in most Spanish American cities, stands upon the central plaza, called Bolivar, which contains a splendid bronze statue by Signor Tenirani of the famous patriot. Although its foundations were laid nearly fifty years ago the

capitol has never been completed. A sufficient sum of money has been appropriated to erect a dozen structures upon the same plan, and several times demonstrations have been made toward a renewal of the work of construction; but the administrations that have shown this commendable ambition have for one reason or another faltered, until they have been overturned by Pronunciamientos, and the funds have either been diverted to sustain the army, or have found their way into the pockets of dishonest officials.

The original designs of the capitol, which long ago were lost or destroyed in political cataclysms, and are now known only by cheap prints made a half century since, were of artistic and elegant taste, and the building, if ever completed, will be a commodious and beautiful structure. It was intended to include not only two spacious halls for the use of the congress, but accommodations for the several executive departments, a chamber of justice for the Supreme Court, and the residence of the President. At present the members of the Cabinet with their clerks are scattered over the city in buildings formerly used for ecclesiastical purposes—the same recently restored to the Church under the "concordat" of Nufies. The President lives and has his offices in an unpretending two-story structure not far from the capitol, known by the high-sounding name of "El Palacio del Presidente." It is in a state of dilapidation and decay, and bears the marks of revolutionary warfare upon its adobe walls, for it has several times been besieged, and even sacked, by the followers of revolutionary politicians. The Archbishop has a much finer residence, perhaps the best in the city, while the treasury, the national bank, and the post-office occupy a noble building that once belonged to the order of Dominican friars.

There are several good schools and a university at Bogota, the latter having an astronomical observatory erected in 1802, said to be the highest and most advantageously situated of any in the entire world. There is a military academy organized some years ago by Lieutenant Lemly, one of the ablest young officers in the United States Army, who was detailed by President Arthur for that purpose at the request of the Colombian Government. The national library, with

a valuable collection of ancient books, numbering sixty or seventy thousand, has attached to it a museum containing many interesting and precious historical relics. Among them is one half of the banner borne by Pizarro in the conquest of Peru, which is said to have been embroidered by the fair

hands of Queen Isabella. The other half is in the municipal palace at Caracas. The banner was captured at Lima by the soldiers of Bolivar's army during the war of independence, and thus divided to satisfy the demand of the Colombians and Venezuelans for the treasure.

## AN OPAL HEART.

(Villanelle.)

BY FRANCIS S. SALTUS.

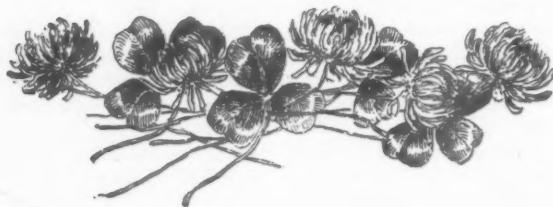
My Lady has an opal heart—  
I can not rhyme the changing hues ;  
Ah me, it mocks me and my art !

Passive at first I bore the smart ;  
Sighing, for comfort of my muse,  
" My Lady has an opal heart."

For half the time I sit apart.  
The truth to see I can't refuse—  
My Lady has an opal heart.

Rages and blisses through me dart  
As o'er I ponder her abuse.  
Ah me, it mocks me and my art !

I wish I'd known it at the start,  
Ere I had found a Love to lose.  
My Lady has an opal heart—  
Ah me, it mocks me and my art !



## WU CHIH TIEN, THE CELESTIAL EMPRESS.

(PART VIII.—CONCLUSION.)

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL BY WONG CHIN FOO.

### CHAPTER XLIX.

HOW IT FARED WITH SHO KAI AT PAOU TING FU.



HO KAI'S story roused no compassion in the daughter of the Têdo of Paou Ting Fu, for she was very proud and hard of heart, and her name was Yeh Man Zee.

Now, Yeh Man Zee did not like poor people, and she often wondered why the gods had made them. So when she heard Sho Kai's story, she hated her, and she said to her mother:

"This girl is fit only to be the companion of slaves; thy daughter can not be the friend of slaves," and she exalted her chin, for was she not of the blood of Wu Chih Tien?

At length the transport reached Paou Ting Fu, and Sho Kai, with the others who were passengers, went to the palace of the Têdo, the same place to which Ta Teen came with the child sobbing in his breast, and where that child had grown into a noble youth.

Now, the Têdo's wife was very wise, and though she desired to please her daughter, she did not think it right to put Sho Kai with the slaves until she had spoken to her husband, who was never a bold man when she was near. So she sent the poor girl to the place for humbler guests, and bade her stay there.

That night she spoke with her husband, after guards had been stationed at the doors that no one else might enter, and she said to him:

"How goes it with the rebels who are banded to destroy Wu Chih Tien?"

And he answered:

"They have taken many cities, but now

they are at a stand; and it is thought that from henceforth General Mah's army will grow weaker, and that of Wu Chih Tien stronger."

"Why is this?" she asked.

"Because many of those who were true to the Tung emperors, in the days of old, refuse to believe that he who captured Su Chow and now leads the rebels, is the son of Tung Ko Zoon and of his wife Wong Tai Ho."

"And what do you believe, O husband?"

"What matters it what I believe, so that I do not arouse the suspicion of the empress, or bring on myself the wrath of General Mah and the army now about to invade my province?"

"Then you think this prince is an impostor?"

"There is but one thing that could prove to me that he is not."

"What is that, O husband?"

"His possession of the seal."

"What seal?"

"The private seal of Tung Ko Zoon, the same which the emperor gave into the keeping of his wife Wong Tai Ho, the day that they were wed," said the Têdo.

"If you had that seal in your keeping," said the Têdo's wife, as she drew a package from her breast, "what would you do with it? Would you give it to the prince or to Wu Chih Tien?"

The Têdo scratched his head and looked up at the gold stars in the blue silk ceiling; but he made no answer, for he knew that Wu Chih Tien was of kin to his wife.

"Wu Chih Tien does not want a husband," said the wife.

"If so, she has but to make known her want," said the Têdo.

"But this prince—he has no wife."

"Those who know say that he is brave and beautiful, but that he has no wife."

"Husband, have we not a daughter?"

"Yes; Yeh Man Zee."

"And she is fair to the sight?"

"Yes, O wife, beautiful as the rose-buds of Hanañ."

"If for a wedding-gift I, her mother, could give to her the private seal of Tung Ko Zoon, would the prince think of her for a wife?"

"Two things stand in the way," said the Tedo.

"What are they?"

"Before our daughter married the prince, I must first pledge to him the province over which I rule, and it is the largest and strongest in the empire."

"And what is the other thing that stands in the way?" asked the wife.

"Why, we have not the private seal of Tung Ko Zoon."

Then the Tedo's wife took from the silken bag the casket of purple jade, and taking therefrom the royal seal, she held it under the blaze of the light.

And when the Tedo saw it he could not believe his eyes, and being a timid man, it was long before he could reach out his hand to take it.

When at length he had examined the seal, and satisfied himself that it was as his wife had said, he asked her how it came into her keeping.

Then the Tedo's wife told about Sho Kai, and said that the girl was then in the palace.

"I have heard of her," said the Tedo, "and I also know that the prince once lived among the slaves of Wu Deah of Su Chow. But if this girl be here, she must not be treated as a guest."

"What then are we to do with her?" asked the wife.

"Let us make her a slave, and when a good time comes, we can sell her, or compel her to marry one of the men in my service," said the Tedo.

Then the wife closed the casket with the seal within, and she said:

"You are getting wise, O my husband, for in this we agree."

## CHAPTER L.

### POOR SHO KAI.

OFTEN and often Sho Kai had been tempted to open the casket of purple jade, to see what

it contained; but Li Tan had told her not to do so, therefore her love kept her faithful to his wish.

She was glad that she was away from Chow Ling, who must now keep the pledge he had made, and care for her mother; but she was sorry that she had been rescued from the waters of the Yang Tze Kiang.

She did not like Yeh Man Zee: though her heart was so good that she might have even loved the daughter of the Tedo had she treated her with kindness.

Two days after her arrival in Paou Ting Fu the Tedo's wife came to her and said:

"Sho Kai, it was my wish to treat you as if you were my daughter; but my husband, who is the Tedo of Paou Ting Fu, says, 'A bride who tries to kill herself can not be good.' He would have sent you to prison, but I have prevailed on him to spare you that disgrace, for my heart has been warm to you; but you must live among my servants, and work in the kitchen."

"It matters not to me where I am," said Sho Kai. "The sorrow-clouds are over my life, and only death can lift them; therefore do with me, thy servant, as seemest best to thee."

Then a woman slave was called, and Sho Kai followed her across the beautiful gardens, and to the houses in which the serving people lived; and here a chamber was given her, not far from an apartment in the palace which was called the "Emperor's Chamber," because Tung Ko Zoon when a young man had slept there.

In this chamber there was a poor caged bird, that reminded Sho Kai of herself, a few quilts for a bed, a pitcher to hold water, and pegs to hang clothes on. And from one of these pegs there hung a *yon kin*, and this and this only Sho Kai saw.

"Here you must live when you are not busy at cleaning the cooking-vessels in the kitchen," said the woman. "Now wait you here till I have brought you fitting raiment for your work."

The woman went away, but soon she came back with a dress of rough brown cotton, and this she made Sho Kai put on. Then she took away the borrowed dress of Yeh Man Zee, and she led Sho Kai to the kitchen and bade her get to work.

And Sho Kai rose early and worked late.

and when at night she went into her dark little chamber she would sigh and say :

"Why should the daughter of a poor widow murmur at her lot? Was not the beautiful Li Tan a slave?"

And often when the wind cried among the trees and the rain beat on the curved tiles above her, and darkness and storm were about her, Sho Kai would take the *yon kin* from the wall, and she would play soft and low till the soul of the instrument was stirred, and the air which she played in Wu Deah's park would rise up and bring balm to her heart.

Days and weeks passed, and she worked, but spoke not to her companions; and some said she was above her place, and others whispered :

"The tongue is ever silent when the heart is breaking."

And they tried to learn the story of her past; but to her the only past was the memory of Li Tan; and to her there was no present, neither through the clouds that en-cloaked her could she see any future.

## CHAPTER LI.

### THE PRINCE MARCHES AGAINST PAOU TING FU.

WU DEAH and all his family were placed in the great prison at Su Chow, and his palace was filled with soldiers of the prince's army who had been wounded in battle.

The old Tedo of Paou Ting Fu, who cared for the prince in his youth, and for whom the noble youth felt the love of a son, now ventured down from the mountains and joined the army of Su Chow.

And the prince would have given his guardian the palace of Wu Deah for his own, but the old man said :

"With thee, O royal master, I fled in fear from Paou Ting Fu, nor have I seen its stately walls for seven long years. With thee in the pride of strength and right let me return to Paou Ting Fu, or die in the effort to reach it."

"Paou Ting Fu is strong, and its Tedo is the friend of Wu Chih Tien," said the prince.

"The present Tedo of Paou Ting Fu is weak; he will side with those who win, and he has not the courage to resist the conquerors of Su Chow," said the old Tedo.

Then the prince called the captains about

him, and asked them if he should turn to Paou Ting Fu.

Then spoke General Mah :

"O royal master, before Chung Ang can be taken Paou Ting Fu must fall. Therefore, as wise men and brave, we must enter that province and capture its chief city."

To this Ta Teen and the others agreed, and at once the order was given for the army to move against Paou Ting Fu.

Now, when they were come within two days' march of the city, there was brought into the prince's tent one who carried a palm-leaf in token of peace, and who said that he bore a letter from the Tedo of Paou Ting Fu, and would await an answer.

Thereupon the prince ordered that the man be kindly cared for; and he again called his captains about him, that they might hear what the Tedo of Paou Ting Fu had to say.

When they came, the letter was given to General Mah, who opened it and read this, so that all could hear :

"Greeting to the most exalted Prince, whom all yearn to believe is the son of the illustrious Tung Ko Zoon and his ever-lamented empress Wong Tai Ho. And this is what I, Yeh Yun Tan, would say to thee :

"Five moons since my wife was in the town of Don Ton, to the eastward of Su Chow, and there she met one named Sho Kai, who had been long in the service of the great merchant, Wu Deah, of Su Chow Fu. Now, my wife's heart went out to the girl, who was pledged in marriage to Chow Ling, the boatman. So my wife gave the girl money, that she might buy fitting clothes, and when the wedding of Chow Ling and Sho Kai was over, the young woman said to my wife, 'I am too poor to return all thy kindness; but I beg thee to take, in token of my high esteem, this casket of purple jade, within which there is a seal, the import of which I do not know.' Then my wife took the casket, and, lo! within it was a royal seal of Tung Ko Zoon, an impress of which I send herewith, that you may be convinced of the truth of that which I report. When my wife asked the young woman how the seal came into her keeping, she replied : 'It was given me by a slave of Wu Deah, named Li Tan, whom once I thought I loved; but now that I am the wife of another, I should do wrong to keep this thing. So take it!'



THE PALACE.

"O Prince most exalted ! If this seal were in thy keeping, and the people of the Great Middle Flowery Kingdom knew it for the truth, then would they hurry to thy banners, and the reign of Wu Chih Tien, whom I would gladly cease to serve, would be at an end.

"Now, I will surrender to thee, O Prince most illustrious, the royal seal of T'ung Ko Zoon, and also the province of Paou Ting Fu, with all its cities and arms and men, on one condition, which is—that you pledge yourself forthwith to marry my daughter, the beautiful and exquisite Yeh Man Zee.

"By the messenger who bears this return thy reply. If thou refuseth my offer, then must thou battle to the death for Paou Ting Fu. If thou dost accept, then I shall make ready to receive thee, and the gates will be open, and the keys ready to give into thy keeping.

"Written at the palace of the T'edo of Su Chow, on the tenth day of the fourth moon, and in the twentieth year of the reign of Wu Chih Tien."

When General Mah finished reading, the letter was passed from hand to hand, that all might see the impress of the royal seal ; but the prince would not look at it.

"What ye advise, that will I do," he said to his captains. "But night has come to my heart, and I would be alone for awhile."

Then, one by one, the captains went out, and when the last was gone, the prince

raised his hands and cried out : "O Sho Kai, Sho Kai ! False to all thy vows ! What is victory or empire to me, now that thou hast forsaken me ?"

Then he bowed his head, and sat with his eyes on the ground till the sun went down.

## CHAPTER LII.

### THE PRINCE'S REPLY.

WHEN night was come, the prince called his captains about him again, and he read to them this letter, which he had written for the T'edo of Paou Ting Fu :

"The letter of the T'edo of Paou Ting Fu has reached us, and this is our reply : If the things therein stated prove to be as true as they seem to be, then we will marry your daughter ; but before this can be done, you must give the seal into our keeping, and deliver up to us the city and province of Paou Ting Fu.

"Our army will press quickly after your messenger, that you may not have so far to send your answer.

"TUNG TAI ZOON,  
"Son of Tung Ko Zoon and of  
Wong Tai Ho."

And all the captains said that this was a wise letter, and they were glad to see that he did not seem troubled by the doings of her whom they called "False Sho Kai ;" but the keenest eyes see not the sorrow in the nearest heart.

So the letter was given to the Tedo's herald, and forthwith he mounted his swift horse and sped to Paou Ting Fu.

When the Tedo and his wife read this letter, they embraced each other, and she said :

" It was I who laid the plan that will make our daughter Empress of the Great Middle Flowery Kingdom ! But go, make ready for the coming of the victor, and have the city decked to receive him."

Then the Tedo hastened away to do as his wife bade him, and she sought out her daughter, to tell her the good news and to have her prepare for the wedding, which she was sure the prince would desire at once.

Soon the drowsy city was wide awake, and when the people learned that the Tedo had turned against Wu Chih Tien and that the prince was coming, their joy knew no

bounds, and, from the poorest to the highest, they began preparations to do him honor.

The streets were crowded with the royal colors, and arches of flowers sprang up as if a magician had brought them forth with his wand.

With great cheering the soldiers of the Tedo flung open all the gates, and then marched out to meet and to welcome the prince and his army.

At length those watching on the towers could see the mighty host, and as it drew nearer they saw, riding in the advance, the prince, with his great generals about him.

Through the gates the prince came. It was not so he left the city seven years before with his old friend. And the people cheered, and sang, and danced with joy before him and about him.

And the prince and his friends rode to the



THE FLUTE.

palace that had once been his home; and when they entered at the door, before which, in the long ago, Ta Teen fell, with the child sobbing at his breast, the Tede handed the prince the casket of purple jade, in which was the royal seal, and he said:

"O illustrious master, when my daughter is thy wife, then every province in the empire will turn to thee, and then Chung Ang will be at thy feet."

"Then," said the prince sternly, "let the wedding take place to-morrow, for I want peace more than a wife; but if the wife brings peace, make her ready."

Then he was conducted to the Emperor's Chamber, that looked out on the gardens.

### CHAPTER LIII.

#### THE YON KIN AND THE FLUTE AGAIN.

SHO KAI had no longer any interest in weddings, but she could not avoid hearing the talk of her fellow-servants, all of whom were greatly moved over the coming of the handsome prince and his marriage to the Tede's daughter.

Now, the Tede's wife did not wish the prince to see Sho Kai. So some hours before the entrance of the army she sent the chief of the palace with orders to take Sho Kai to her own room, and to order her to stay there as a prisoner until she was released.

As Sho Kai did not care what became of her, she did not ask the reason for this treatment, but went quietly to her chamber, and closed the door.

As she sat there she heard the booming of cannon, the cheering of the people, and the tramping of horses; but the sound moved her not. What were princes and armies to her?

At length, when the noise had died out, and the sun was setting, Sho Kai, who had been toying with the *yon kin*, put it aside, and standing up she looked wearily out through the lattice that guarded her window.

She did not look long at the servants flying back and forth through the garden, for her eyes were drawn to the figure of a handsome young soldier framed in the window of the Emperor's Chamber, and she knew that this was the prince who was to marry Yeh Man Zee.

Then, as she watched, the face of the young soldier grew into that of Li Tan, and she gasped and trembled, and clung to the lattice to keep from falling.

He looked to be very sad, as becomes men worried with great care; but she dared not turn her eyes to him again, fearing that she must cry out from her soul:

"It is I—Sho Kai! Oh, come to me, Li Tan, beloved!"

Trembling with weakness, she sat down again and took up the *yon kin*, as if it were a friend to whom she could tell her woes, and on whom she could lean in her trials.

For long hours she did not move, but sat thinking and thinking of Li Tan.

At length, when it seemed that all in and about the palace had gone to sleep, she took the *yon kin* and stole out into the darkness.

It must have been the *yon kin* that took Sho Kai, for she moved like one who walks in sleep.

When she had come under the window of the Emperor's Chamber, she began to play the same sweet song that brought her and Li Tan together in the gardens of Wu Deah.

Sweet and soft the notes stole out, so that only the ears of a lover could hear them.

Then suddenly a light appeared in the prince's room, and the window was opened.

And now Sho Kai awoke to a sense of her danger, and she remembered that she had been ordered not to leave her room: so she flew back, and was soon shut in again.

Then, breathing very hard, she clung to the lattice, and looked into the darkness.

The light burned still in the prince's chamber, but she saw nothing, for her soul was in her ears.

No, no, she did not dream. It was the sound of the flute that came to her, and it called her to come.

"Oh, Li Tan, beloved!" she moaned. "It was madness for Sho Kai to love thee, a prince of the royal house!"

And when the sound of the flute died out, and the light was gone, Sho Kai sat and moaned, and rocked her heart, through the long, long, weary night.

### CHAPTER LIV.

#### THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCE.

YEH MAN ZEE tried to prevail on her mother to postpone her marriage to the



THE MARRIAGE.

prince until after he had ascended the throne, but the wife of the Teds shook her head and said:

"No, no, my child. Has not the wise Con Fu Chee said, in his advice to girls such as you: 'Marry a prince when you can, and a poor man when you will'? When the prince ascends the throne as the Emperor Tung Tai Zoon, which he will do before the year be out, then you can live amid royal festivities, and the world will pay you homage."

Yeh Man Zee saw that this was very good advice, and as she had a great deal of fine apparel, and many maids to help her prepare, she felt that she would not look unworthy her royal husband when the time came.

It was the wish of the prince that the marriage should take place in the garden, where he had played as a child, so that all his great generals might be about him, though he would have much liked if one of them could have taken his place.

So under two great oaks an altar was built, and every bough of the trees was covered with silken streamers of vermilion and gold.

And the Teds had arranged it so that when the booming of a cannon announced that the ceremony was over, then the soldiers and the people of Paou Ting Fu would know that they were free to give rein to their cheers and merriment.

The marriage was set to take place when the sun looked down at high noon, and Sho Kai gazed eagerly out through the lattice at the preparations that were going on in the gardens.

After long watching, during which she tried in vain to see the face of a man moving in the Emperor's Room, she saw a band of priests approaching the altar, having burning tapers in their hands, and chanting a low song.

Then came the great officers of the province with the Teds at their head. They ranged themselves on one side, and soon the veiled form of Yeh Man Zee appeared, surrounded by a hundred beautiful girls crowned with orange and lotus flowers.

Sho Kai's heart was beating very fast, for now the beating of cymbals and the rolling of drums told that the prince was coming.

On he came at the head of his great generals, and when he turned and stood before Yeh Man Zee, Sho Kai saw his face.

Then there rang through the gardens the thrilling cry of, "Li Tan, oh, beloved!"

The priests looked up in the tree, and the others stared about them in wonder.

While they watched, the figure of a beautiful girl dressed in the rough garb of a slave bounded through the throng like a fawn before the hounds, and with the cry, "O Li Tan!" Sho Kai lay fainting at the prince's feet.

"Take the slave away, and have her flogged!" shouted the angry wife of the Teds.

A hundred servants ran forward to do her bidding, but the prince checked them with his hand, for his heart told him that he had been deceived, and he knew that Sho Kai was before him.

He raised her to her feet, and supported her with his right arm before all the people.

Then he looked into her eyes and said:

"Sho Kai, where is the pledge of my love that I gave into thy keeping?"

"Here near to my heart, where it has ever been," she said, and she drew out the silken wallet and handed it to him.

He opened it, saw a casket of green jade, and he took therefrom the signet ring of the Teds of Paou Ting Fu.

"There has been treachery here," shouted the prince, and he called on General Mah to read aloud the letter which the Teds of Paou Ting Fu had sent him. Then he turned to Sho Kai and asked:

"Is that true as to thee?"

Now she feared no longer, but raising her hands and face she called out:

"Before the gods, O Li Tan, it is false!"

Then, at the urging of the prince, she told her story from the time she parted from him till the present, and as she spoke strong soldiers were melted to tears.

"Seize the false Teds of Paou Ting Fu and his wife, and bear them to prison!" commanded the prince. "They who would rob me of my love would rob me of my throne."

Then he laid his hand on Sho Kai's head and said: "By my royal power I absolve thee from thy pledge to Chow Ling. Again you are free to choose a husband."

"Oh, slay me!" she cried, "but send me not away!"



THE BATTLE.

The priests were about to leave, but, on hearing this, the prince said :

"The daughter of the Têdo is gone, but the bride of Tâng Tai Zoon is here. Let the women take the wedding garment from the Têdo's daughter and place it upon Sho Kai ; and Sho Kai, my true love, and I will pledge our vows at your altars."

Soon Sho Kai returned in the silks and crown of Yeh Man Zee and knelt down beside the prince ; and they held the burning wands till the flames, like their troubles, died out.

Then General Mah signaled the soldiers, and cannon boomed, bells rang, and the people cheered in the city of Paou Ting Fu.

#### CHAPTER LV.

##### THE END OF THE STORY AND OF WU CHIH TIEN.

WHEN it was known in the army that Tâng Tai Zoon had taken a wife from the people, the soldiers were more happy than if each one of themselves was to marry the daughter of an emperor.

And when it became known throughout the land that the prince had again the royal seal, all the provinces but that of the capital turned to his standard.

"Lead us to Chung Ang !" was now the cry of the army, and a mighty host of horsemen and footmen followed their beloved young leader and his bride to the last stronghold of Wu Chih Tien.

For twenty-one years she had ruled and cursed the empire, and although now she knew that the end was come, she refused to yield the throne without a struggle.

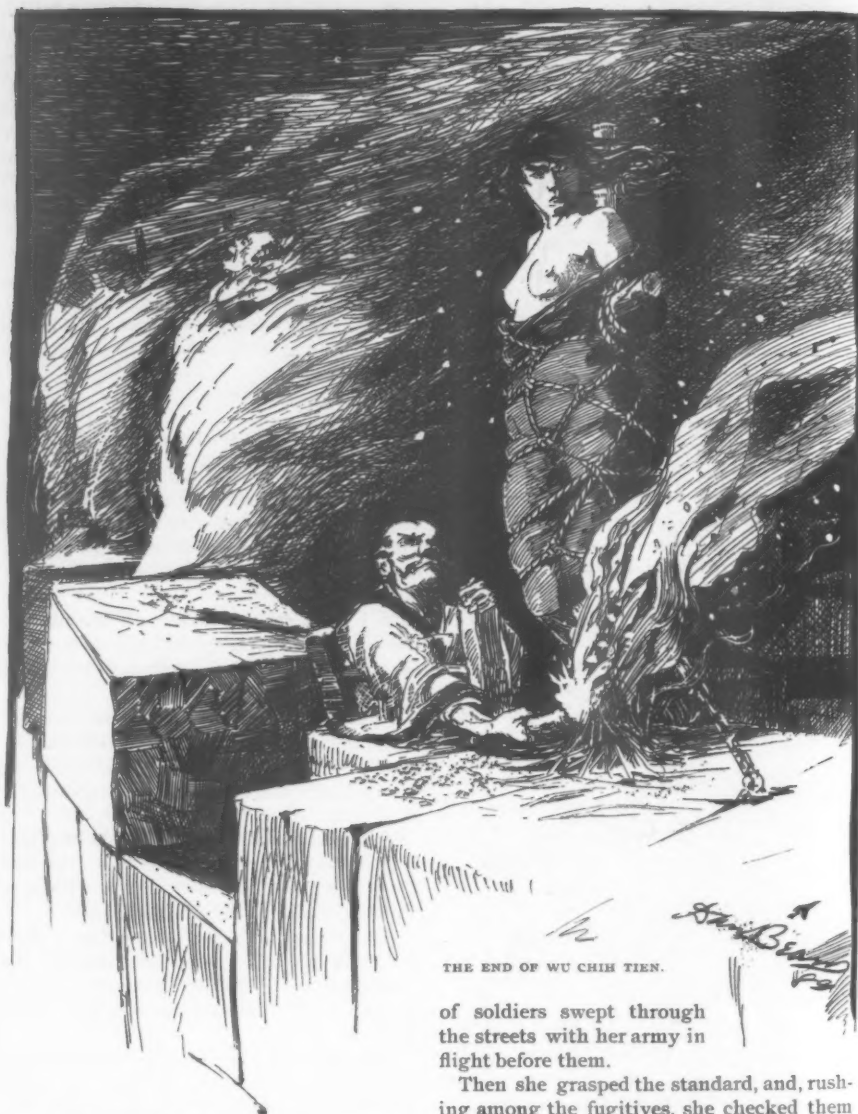
Though tens of thousands had died in their efforts to keep pace with her passions and pleasures, Wu Chih Tien seemed not to have grown old, and she still charmed the eyes of men.

Now she left her pleasure and rode through the capital, rousing her soldiers to arms as of yore.

In the glow of her spirit the coward became brave, and all sought to die with her or for her.

The gates were barred, and the walls manned, when the dust clouds marked the coming of the prince.

On in great waves, crested with gleaming steel, they came—those men of a hundred battles.



THE END OF WU CHIH TIEN.

Forward rushed the fierce horsemen with their old-time battle-cries.

Straight for the city's walls went the mountain archers, followed by the ladders and the rams.

From the highest tower in the city Wu Chih Tien watched and directed the battle.

She heard the crashing at the gates, and she saw them flying in while great torrents

of soldiers swept through the streets with her army in flight before them.

Then she grasped the standard, and, rushing among the fugitives, she checked them by her daring, and for a moment stopped the current of the victors.

But it was only for a moment. The prince and Ta Teen were in the front, and, at sight of them, the soldiers dashed forward again, and Wu Chih Tien fell under their iron feet.

Ta Teen lifted her up in his arms, and when she opened her eyes again she was in

the Lun Goon prison, and in the dungeon where Wong Tai Ho died.

The last battle was fought, and when at the close of that day Tûng Tai Zoon sat on the throne of his fathers with his bride beside him, and received the homage of his chiefs, he said to them :

"I have gained and you have suffered. Let it be with Wu Chih Tien and her companions in guilt as to you seems best; but, as for myself, I will not curse my sight with them."

So the officers consulted, and as had been done with traitors of old, so they decided it should be done now.

Wu Chih Tien and seven hundred of her vile companions, men and women, were wrapped in bales of pitch cloth, and their heads were covered with fat and tallow, so that they looked like living torches.

These were placed on the city's walls and set on fire, while all the bells in Chung Ang tolled their dirge.

Wu Deah and Gru Shi Hi lost their heads, as did the Teds of Paou Ting Fu and his wife.

The old Teds came back, and great was the joy of the people.

The emperor sent money to Sho Kai's mother, but said he never wanted to see her again, and for the loss of his wife he made Chow Ling a mandarin at Don Ton.

For long, happy years General Mah and Ta Teen stood at the right and left of the emperor's throne.

And although Tûng Tai Zoon might have had many wives besides Sho Kai, he was too happy to want another.

And many sons and daughters came to them, and the empire was happy and the people blessed their names.

*The End.*

## IN SUMMER FIELDS.

BY JAMES B. KENYON.

BENEATH a leafy thatch to lie  
And watch the pageant of the sky,  
The banners of the morning light,  
The kindling splendors of the night;  
To see the lavish summer spread  
Its pomp above one's quiet head;  
To learn the secrets of the ground  
From myriad elfin voices round;  
To lie for happy hours and hours  
'Mid fresh, soft-bedded herbs and flowers,  
And see the insect armies pass  
Along the highways of the grass;  
To spy among the tangled weeds  
The nimble finches gathering seeds;  
Or, lost in grassy solitudes,  
Some monster of the mimic woods,  
To lie, and neither wake nor sleep,  
But feel the pleasant coolness creep  
Like waters o'er one's placid face,  
And murmur round his resting-place,—  
What deeper, what diviner bliss  
Could weary mortal ask than this?



## THE OPENING OF OKLAHOMA.

BY HAMILTON S. WICKS.

A CITY established and populated in half a day, in a remote region of country and many miles distant from the nearest civilized community, is a marvel that could have been possible in no age but our own, and in no land except the United States.

The opening of Oklahoma was indeed one of the most important events that has occurred in the development of the West. It marks an epoch in the settlement of the unoccupied lands owned by the government of the United States. Never before has there been such a general uprising of the common people seeking homesteads upon the few remaining acres possessed by Uncle Sam. The conditions and circumstances of the settlement of Oklahoma were widely different from those of the settlement of any other section of the United States. This new territory is surrounded by thoroughly-settled and well-organized commonwealths. It is a region containing an area of sixty-nine thousand square miles, having an average width of four hundred and seventy miles, and an average length of two hundred and ten miles, being much larger than Ohio, or Indiana, or Kentucky, or Illinois, or "the Virginias," or even the whole of New England.

No method can so clearly bring before the public the actual facts of this wonderful opening as the narration, by one who participated in it, of his experience.

I had been sojourning during the early part of April for a brief period in New York, when the Oklahoma question loomed up in the horizon of popular discussion. The Springer bill had been introduced and rejected in the Forty-ninth Congress, and the proclamation of President Harrison had been issued, declaring that one million

eight hundred and eighty-seven thousand seven hundred and five acres of the richest agricultural lands in the West, situated in the very centre of the Indian Territory, would be thrown open to settlement at twelve o'clock high noon, on April 22, 1889. In common with many others in every part of the land, I was seized with the Oklahoma fever. Consigning part of my effects to a friend, I packed in a single valise a couple of flannel shirts, some maps and charts of the new Eldorado, and I stepped on board the "Penn. Limited" one bright April morning. By evening I found myself in Chicago, nine hundred miles west. A single night's ride on the "C., B. & Q. Fast Express" conveyed me and my dreams to Kansas City, five hundred miles southwest. A Pullman car awaited me the same evening on the "A., T. & S. F. Road," and when I awakened I found Kansas smiling in the green vestments of spring on the lovely Easter morning of April 21. Arkansas City was reached at 9.10 the same morning, three hundred miles still further in the heart of the great Southwest.

Thus far I had taken in the panorama, as in bird's-eye view—the splendid farms and barns of Pennsylvania; the fine scenery of the Appalachian range, the rich prairies of Illinois and Iowa, and the vast plains of Kansas. Now, for the first time, I became conscious of the conditions among which I must struggle in this enterprise directed against a wild and unoccupied territory. From the peace and reserve of a mere traveler I was at once hurled into the conflict for personal supremacy with a seething mass of "boomers." A foretaste of what I might expect was presented to me at Arkansas City. It was as though I had suddenly been inter-

jected into a confused Fourth-of-July celebration, where the procession had resolved itself into a mob.

The streets were thronged. Tents were pitched in every open space. There was no place to sleep, and around the extemporized eating places it became a veritable "struggle for existence." The congestion of people was greatest about the depot, and especially was this the case on the following morning—the notable twenty-second—when I left the corner of a tent that a good Samaritan had offered me. I found five trains were *made up* on the adjacent tracks, and were in readiness to start southward into the Indian Territory. Hundreds and hundreds of people

the quill." This I found to be an achievement of no little difficulty, for, in the surging multitude, the majority of whom seemed to have the identical pointer, I soon lost track, in the sea of bobbing heads, of the journalistic coterie. Therefore, without attempting to avail myself of the valued pointer, I made haste to secure a footing on any train bound southward. To my consternation, I found every one of the trains already filled, and I was unable to secure standing room even on an outside platform. Finally, I offered the brakeman a few coins, which acted like magic in opening a caboose attached to one of the trains, where I found comfortable quarters.



GUTHRIE, APRIL 20TH.

from Arkansas City and neighboring towns, and thousands from every part of the United States, surged in wildest confusion about the depot. Every man was armed like a walking arsenal, and many also constituted themselves walking commissaries. The absorbing problem that filled the minds of the multitude of men just at that time was, which of the five trains standing in readiness, with full head of steam on, would be the first to start, as every one was eager to be on this first train. I secured a valuable pointer from a newspaper acquaintance to the effect that a certain few reporters, who were pointed out to me, would be favored with accommodations on the first train, and I was advised to keep my eye on these favored "knights of

I found that the caboose contained also a number of prominent Western men, with whom I became acquainted, among them Colonel D. B. Dyer, who has since become Mayor of Guthrie, and who was for many years Indian Agent in the Territory; Judge Guthrie (large, pompous, and genial), after whom the city Guthrie was named; C. R. McLane, one of the shrewdest bankers of Kansas, who was to establish the first bank in Guthrie; Jim Geary, an old scout and plainsman, as cool-headed a *rustler* as ever drew bead on a redskin; and a number of other men well posted on the territory we were about exploiting. The conversation was very animated during the entire trip, and revealed an extensive familiarity with



THE SCRAMBLE FOR LOTS, APRIL 22D.

the history of the Indian Territory and with the tribes that occupy it, as well as with its topography, climate, agriculture, and general prospects. This information, which I conjectured was fully as essential for my equipment as the revolvers I had strapped about my waist, may be summarized as follows :

The Indian Territory is a portion of the grand purchase of Jefferson from Napoleon, by which the sovereignty and soil of what was then known as Louisiana passed from the French Government to the United States. Some time after this our government inaugurated the system, which it has ever since maintained, of setting apart reservations for particular Indian tribes. By a succession of treaties extending between the years 1817 and 1836, the government set apart reservations for those Indians now known as the five civilized tribes, viz., the Cherokees, the Chickasaws, Choctaws, Creeks, and Seminoles. These five tribes were all originally Southern Indians, and they had parceled out to them in exchange for their Southern lands, which the white man wanted, the entire lands of Indian Territory.

The conditions remained practically unchanged down to the time of the war of the rebellion, during which conflict all the tribes espoused the Southern cause. At the close of the war the Choctaws, Chickasaws, Creeks, and Seminoles were coerced into a sale of fourteen million acres of their lands at prices ranging from fifteen to thirty cents per acre ; and the Cherokees entered into a treaty by which they jeopardized their hitherto infeasible right to eight million one hundred and fourteen thousand seven hundred and seventy-three acres of their lands, six million of which are known as the Cherokee Strip or "Outlet." The famous Springer Bill contemplated throwing all these unoccupied lands open for settlement, embracing them and some other small parcels of unoccupied Indian lands in a territory which was to be designated and organized as the Territory of Oklahoma. To-day, what is known as "Oklahoma proper," thrown open for settlement by presidential proclamation on April 22d, consists of one million three hundred and ninety-two thousand six hundred and eleven acres ceded by the Creeks, and four hundred and ninety-five



HOLDING TOWN LOTS AT GUTHRIE, APRIL 23D.



MAIN STREET, GUTHRIE, APRIL 23D.

thousand and ninety-four acres ceded by the Seminoles by the treaty of 1866. It lies between the Cherokee strip on the north and the Chickasaw reservation on the south, and between the ninety-seventh and ninety-eighth degrees of longitude. It remains to be seen whether the Cherokee Indians will continue the lease of the "strip" to the cattle barons, who now pay a rental of two hundred thousand dollars per annum, which they propose to double or even quadruple if a sufficient extension of the lease can be had; or whether they will be *persuaded* to sell to the government at a figure not to exceed one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre.

Notwithstanding the cession of these splendid territorial empires to the United States Government, the land still owned by the five civilized tribes and their savage brethren (who are known as "Breechclout" or "Blanket Indians") is something quite appalling for the average American farmer to contemplate, who is forced to content himself with a homestead of one hundred and sixty acres. It renders these Indians not only "wards of the nation," but veritable American barons, to be classed with our railway barons and our petted cattle barons, the only difference being that the former resemble more closely the barons of the middle ages, because they are supremely indifferent to labor, patronizing war and the chase principally. A careful investigation

shows that there are only eighty-nine Indians of the Iowa tribe in existence, and yet they have two hundred and twenty-eight thousand four hundred and eighteen acres of reservation. There are only ninety-two Tonkawas, and they own one hundred thousand acres of reservation. The Sacs and Foxes number four hundred and fifty-seven, and have a reservation of four hundred and seventy-nine thousand six hundred and sixty-seven acres. The Chickasaws number less than five thousand, and own nearly five million acres of land. The Cherokees are the most populous of all the tribes, numbering nearly twenty-two thousand, but they have five million thirty-one thousand three hundred and fifty-one acres to divide among them. And so with all the other tribes and nations, both civilized and barbarous. They are among the richest landed aristocrats on the globe.

The lands of the Indian Territory, which are so much coveted by settlers, have a general slope from the northwest to the southeast. The center of the Territory, known as Oklahoma proper, and three-fourths of all the rest of these lands are rich and valuable for agricultural purposes. The Cherokee Strip, situated west of the Arkansas River and south of the Kansas border line, is about fifty miles in width, and comprises six million acres of fine rolling prairie, the greater part of which is suitable for tillage. As was



VOTING FOR MAYOR.

reasonable to suppose, and it so turns out, these lands resemble those of the States north and south of them, except that they are far more abundantly watered. It will very much surprise many who have never visited the Indian Territory, and who have conceived it as a "barren waste," to know that this Territory has a larger water surface than Kentucky, Ohio, Tennessee, or Georgia, and is about equal to Missouri in this particular, although the State of Missouri is traversed from end to end by the waters of its famous namesake.

The climate of the Indian Territory is very equable and healthful. It is located in about the same latitude as northern Georgia, and possesses many of the attributes that have rendered Georgia so popular among the inhabitants of the contiguous States. The location is especially happy for the development of a vigorous industrial population. Both the climate and soil unite in their adaptability for the production of corn and cotton, and of fruits and berries of every description, as is evidenced by the productions of the various Indian reservations that have been brought under cultivation.

The transition from the cultivated fields of Kansas to the far-extending and unbroken prairie of the Indian Territory impresses the observer who experiences it for the first time as a very great change. Civilization and barbarism seem here to come into immediate contact; industry and shiftlessness here stand face to face; order and lawlessness seem to glare at each other across the border.

As our train slowly moved through the Cherokee strip, a vast procession of "boomers" was seen moving across the plains to the Oklahoma lines, forming picturesque groups on the otherwise unbroken land-

scape. The wagon road through the "strip," extemporized by the boomers, ran for long distances parallel with the railway, and the procession that extended the whole distance illustrated the characteristics of western American life. Here, for instance, would be a party consisting of a "prairie schooner" drawn by four scrawny, raw-boned horses, and filled with a tatterdemalion group, consisting of a shaggy-bearded man, a slatternly-looking woman, and several girls and boys, faithful images of their parents, in shabby attire, usually with a dog and a coop of chickens. In striking contrast to this frontier picture, perhaps a couple of flashy real-estate men from Wichita would come jogging on a short distance behind, driving a spanking span of bays, with an equipage looking for all the world as though it had just come from a fashionable livery stable. Our train, whirling rapidly over the prairie, overtook many such contrasted pictures. There were single rigs and double rigs innumerable; there were six-mule teams and four-in-hands, with here and there parties on horseback, and not a few on foot, trudging along the wayside. The whole procession marched, rode, or drove, as on some gala occasion, with smiling faces and waving hands. Every one imagined that Eldorado was just ahead, and I dare say the possibility of failure or disappointment did not enter into the consideration of a single individual on that cool and delightful April day. For many, alas, the anticipations were "April hopes, the fools of chance."

As our train neared the Oklahoma border the "procession" became more dense, and in some instances clogged the approaches to the fords of the small streams that crossed its pathway. When we finally slowed up at



THE LAND OFFICE.

the dividing line the camps of the "boomers" could be seen extending in every direction, and a vast amount of stock was strewn over the green prairie.

And now the hour of twelve was at hand, and every one on the *qui vive* for the bugle blast that would dissolve the chain of enchantment hitherto girding about this coveted land. Many of the "boomers" were mounted on high-spirited and fleet-footed horses, and had ranged themselves along the territorial line, scarcely restrained even by the presence of the troop of cavalry from taking summary possession. The better class of wagons and carriages ranged themselves in line with the horsemen, and even here and there mule teams attached to canvas-covered vehicles stood in the front ranks, with the reins and whip grasped by the "boomers'" wives. All was excitement and expectation. Every nerve was on tension and every muscle strained. The great event for which these brawny noblemen of the West have been waiting for years was on the point of transpiring. Suddenly the air was pierced with the blast of a bugle. Hundreds of throats echoed the sound with shouts of exultation. The quivering limbs of saddled steeds, no longer restrained by the hands that held their bridles, bounded forward simultaneously into the "beautiful land" of Oklahoma; and wagons and carriages and buggies and prairie schooners and

a whole congregation of curious equipages joined in this unparalleled race, where every starter was bound to win a prize—the "Realization Stakes" of home and prosperity.

Here was a unique contest in which thousands participated and which was to occur but once for all time. Truly an historical event! We, the spectators, witnessed the spectacle with most intense interest. Away dashed the thoroughbreds, the bronchos, the pintos, and the mustangs at a breakneck pace across the uneven surface of the prairie. It was amazing to witness the recklessness of those cow-boy riders: they jumped obstacles; they leaped ditches; they cantered with no diminution of speed through water-pools; and when they came to a ravine too wide to leap, down they would go with a rush, and up the other side with a spurt of energy, to scurry once more like mad over the level plain. This reckless riding was all very well at the fore part of the race, but it could not prevail against the more discreet maneuverings of several elderly "boomers" who rode more powerful and speedy horses. One old white-bearded fellow especially commanded attention. He was mounted on a coal-black thoroughbred, and avoided any disaster by checking the pace of his animal when ravines had to be crossed. But his splendid bursts of speed when no obstructions barred the way soon placed him far in advance of all his competitors. It took but a

short time to solve this question of speed among the riders, and after a neck-and-neck race for half a mile or more they spread like a fan over the prairie, and were eventually lost to our vision among the rolling billows of Oklahoma's far-expanding prairie.

The occupants of our train now became absorbed in their own fate. Indeed our train was one of the participants in this unexampled race, and, while watching the scurrying horsemen, we ourselves had been gliding through the picturesque landscape. It was rather hard pulling for our engine until we reached the apex of the heavy grade that commanded a view of the Cimarron Valley, spread out in picturesque beauty at our very feet. Our train now rushed along down grade with the speed of a limited express—crossing the fine bridge that spans the Cimarron with a roar, and swinging around the hills that intervened between the river and the Guthrie town site with the rapidity of a swallow's flight. All that there was of Guthrie, the now famous "magic city" on April 22d, at 1.30 P. M., when the first train from the north drew up at the station and unloaded its first instalment of settlers, was a water-tank, a small station-house, a shanty for the Wells, Fargo Express, and a Government Land Office—a building twenty by forty feet, hastily constructed five hundred feet from the depot, on the brow of the gently-sloping acclivity that stretches eastward from the railway track. It is true that a handful of enterpris-

ing United States deputy marshals, a few railroad boys, and one or two newspaper correspondents had already surveyed and staked out several hundred acres of town site, and had, by way of maintaining their claims to this extensive property, erected a few tents here and there in the neighborhood of the Land Office building. The imbecile policy of the government in the manner of opening the new Territory for settlement invited just this sort of enterprise. But when the hundreds of people from our train and the thousands from following trains arrived, they "coppered the situation," to speak in Western parlance, with very little consideration for the privileges, interests, or rights of the deputies and their friends.

I remember throwing my blankets out of the car window the instant the train stopped at the station. I remember tumbling after them through the self-same window. Then I joined the wild scramble for a town lot up the sloping hillside at a pace discounting any "go-as-you-please" race. There were several thousand people converging on the same plot of ground, each eager for a town lot which was to be acquired without cost or without price, each solely dependent on his own efforts, and animated by a spirit of fair play and good humor.

The race was not over when you reached the particular lot you were content to select for your possession. The contest still was who should drive their stakes first, who would erect their little tents soonest, and



GUTHRIE, APRIL 27TH

then, who would quickest build a little wooden shanty.

The situation was so peculiar that it is difficult to convey correct impressions of the situation. It reminded me of playing blind-man's-buff. One did not know how far to go before stopping; it was hard to tell when it was best to stop, and it was a puzzle whether to turn to the right hand or the left. Every one appeared dazed, and all for the most part acted like a flock of stray sheep. Where the boldest led, many others followed. I found myself, without exactly knowing how, about midway between the government building and depot. It occurred to me that a street would probably run past the depot. I accosted a man who looked like a deputy, with a piece of white cord in his hands, and asked him if this was to be a street along here.

"Yes," he replied. "We are laying off four corner lots right here for a lumber yard."

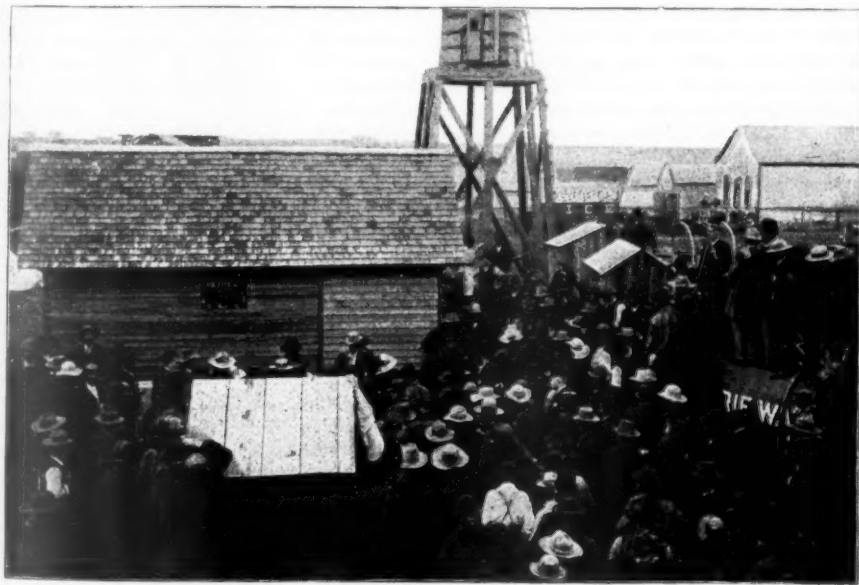
"Is this the corner where I stand?" I inquired.

"Yes," he responded, approaching me.

"Then I claim this corner lot!" I said with decision, as I jammed my location stick in the ground and hammered it se-

curely home with my heel. "I propose to have one lot at all hazards on this town site, and you will have to limit yourself to three, in this location at least."

An angry altercation ensued, but I stoutly maintained my position and my rights. I proceeded at once to unstrap a small folding cot I brought with me, and by standing it on its end it made a tolerable center-pole for a tent. I then threw a couple of my blankets over the cot, and staked them securely into the ground on either side. Thus I had a claim that was unjumpable because of substantial improvements, and I felt safe and breathed more freely until my brother arrived on the third train, with our tent and equipments. Not long after his arrival, an enterprising individual came driving by with a plow, and we hired him for a dollar to plow around the lot I had stepped off, twenty-five feet in front and one hundred and forty feet in depth. Before dusk we had a large wall tent erected on our newly-acquired premises, with a couple of cots inside and a liberal amount of blankets for bedding. Now we felt doubly secure in our possession, and as night approached I strolled up on the eminence near the land office, and surveyed the won-



THE JAIL, GUTHRIE.



GUTHRIE, MAY 14TH.

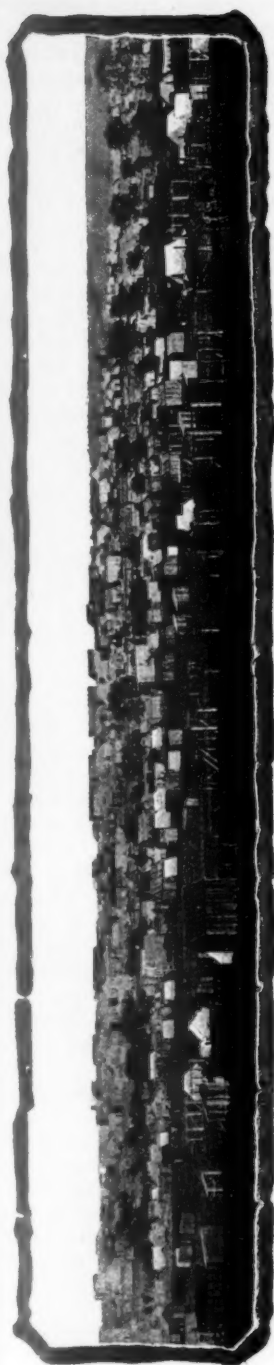
derful cyclorama spread out before me on all sides. Ten thousand people had "squatted" upon a square mile of virgin prairie that first afternoon, and as the myriad of white tents suddenly appeared upon the face of the country, it was as though a vast flock of huge white-winged birds had just settled down upon the hillsides and in the valleys. Here indeed was *a city laid out and populated in half a day*. Thousands of camp-fires sparkled upon the dark bosom of the prairie as far as the eye could reach, and there arose from this huge camp a subdued hum declaring that this almost innumerable multitude of the brave and self-reliant men had come to stay and work, and build in that distant Western wilderness a city that should forever be a trophy to American enterprise and daring.

I will never forget the first night of occupancy of this army. Unlike the hosts of the Assyrians that descended on the Israelites, their tents were not silent. On the contrary, there was a fusillade of shots on all sides from Winchesters, and Colts, and Remingtons, disturbing the stillness of the night, mingled with halloos, and shoutings, and the rebel yell, and the imitated war-whoop

of the savage. I expected on the morrow to see the prairie strewn with gory corpses, but not a single corpse appeared, and I was not slow in making up my mind that nine-tenths of all the shots were fired in a mere wanton spirit of bravado to intimidate a few such nervous tenderfeet as myself.

The first day or two I was almost afraid to talk with my fellow-man, he looked so savage and ferocious, with pistols and knives sticking out all over him; but about the third day he quietly tucked his revolver away in his satchel, and, to my surprise, appeared on the scene as a plain, simple, every-day grocer, or butcher, or lawyer, or real-estate shark.

On the morning of April 23d a city of ten thousand people, five hundred houses, and innumerable tents existed where twelve hours before was nothing but a broad expanse of prairie. The new city changed its appearance every twenty-four hours, as day by day the work of construction went on. The tents were rapidly superseded by small frame structures, until at the end of a month there were scarcely any tents to be seen. The small frame structures in turn gave place to larger ones, and a number of



GUTHRIE, JUNE 5TH.

fine two-story frame buildings were erected on the principal thoroughfares before the end of the first sixty days. The cost of these two-story frame buildings ranged from seven hundred to two thousand dollars, where lumber was purchased at thirty dollars per thousand, and carpenters charged three dollars a day. As soon as it became apparent to capitalists that this enterprise was in reality the beginnings of a great city, preparations were made for the erection of a number of brick blocks; and at the time of writing this article—less than one hundred days from the date of the opening—Guthrie presents the appearance of a model Western city, with broad and regular streets and alleys; with handsome store and office buildings; with a system of parks and boulevards, unsurpassed in point of number, extent, and beauty by any city of twice its size and population in the West; with a number of fine iron bridges spanning the Cottonwood River, which runs through its midst; with a system of water-works that furnishes hydrants at the corners of all the principal streets, and keeps several large sprinkling carts continually busy; with an electric-light plant on the Westinghouse system of alternating currents, capable not only of thoroughly lighting the whole city, but of furnishing the power for running an electric railway, for which the charter has already been granted by the city council, and a large sum of money put up as a forfeiture by the company that accepted it.

Think of a city a hundred days old with all these improvements; and yet the statement of these only gives a partial idea of the wonderful thrift that has pushed ahead the development of this "magic city." The population now exceeds fifteen thousand souls, thirteen thousand of whom are men, one thousand five hundred women, and five hundred children. As soon as the other eleven thousand men bring their families from the East, it will become apparent to the most superficial statistician that the population of Guthrie will not fall far short of twenty-five thousand. The number of houses now erected and in the course of construction will not fall short of four thousand, while there are still five or six hundred tents scattered through the suburbs. The city can boast of five banks, one of which, the Commercial Bank, occupies a brick and stone structure that cost over twenty thousand dollars. There are fifteen hotels, and ninety-seven restaurants and boarding-houses, which might be termed life-preserving institutions, and only four gun stores with their death-dealing commodities. There are twenty-three laundries, three music houses, and two churches. There are forty-seven lumber-yards, seventeen hardware stores, and four brick-yards. There are thirteen bakeries, forty dry-goods stores, twenty-seven drug stores, and fifty grocery stores. There are six printing-offices and six news-stands, and there are three daily newspapers which show a large subscription list, an exceptionally fine advertising patronage, and an

unusual amount of Western enterprise. Every other kind of business is well represented. Notwithstanding the prevalence of gambling, the exclusion of liquor from the Territory, by a fortunate decision of the War Department, has obviated much turmoil, strife, and bloodshed.

I was witness of all this magical municipal development, and could scarcely realize the miracle that was unfolding before me. There was no pretense that any person was there except for his individual self-interest; but the energy that the individual members of the community displayed, each for himself, resulted in the greatest benefit for the community as a whole. The wealth-creating force that was displayed in the building up of Guthrie can not be better illustrated than in the fact that lots which had no value prior to April 22d sold in the center of the business movement as high as five hundred dollars within a week thereafter, and a number changed hands before the expiration of the first month for one thousand five hundred dollars each; while to my own knowledge a few sold, before sixty days had elapsed, for prices ranging from one thousand seven hundred to five thousand dollars per lot of twenty-five by one hundred and forty feet.

The city of Guthrie, as well as Oklahoma City and the other new towns of the Territory, acted upon the suggestion made by Congressman Springer, and at once proceeded to organize local municipal governments. The first night of occupancy saw Guthrie well on the road to the perfection of such an organization. The call of States was made that first evening, and it was found that representatives from every State and Territory in the Union were on the ground. From this representative body committees were chosen, and they in turn selected what might be called a governing committee, the members of which were offered the following day, in open meeting, for the franchise of the people, and were elected by a *viva voce* vote. This committee soon afterward became the first city council of the city of Guthrie. I will always remember with a good deal of zest the election for the first mayor, which took place about this time out on the open prairie. There was a rough-and-ready appropriateness about it that commended itself to the exigencies of the occasion.

Two candidates of about equal popularity were placed in nomination, and the crowd of voters, which numbered several thousand, separated into two bands, and were subsequently arranged, with some little difficulty, by the leaders into two long lines, which stretched for a considerable distance parallel across the prairie. The men in each line marched four abreast, and as they passed a given point they were counted. Everything went smoothly until it became apparent to one of the strings that it was somewhat shorter than the other, when a very ingenious system of repeating was at once extemporized, by the men of that losing line dropping quietly back and filling up the rear ranks as fast as they were counted in the front. There was no shooting on this occasion, but there was some very hard language used. A compromise was finally effected in the interest of good order. Each of the candidates selected three of his respective friends, and these six gentlemen selected a seventh, and the nominating body thus constituted presented the name of Colonel D. B. Dyer for the franchise of the people, as their first mayor. He was unanimously elected, and with unremitting energy devoted his talents to the organization of the young municipality. In the election by ballot, which occurred about six weeks later, Colonel Dyer was again elected by a large majority, and there now seems to be an open pathway spread before him that leads to the first gubernatorial chair, and, ultimately, to the halls of the United States Senate.

The experience of the settlement and organization of Oklahoma City, Lisbon, Edwards, Reno City, Alfred, and a dozen other towns, is after the same pattern as Guthrie exactly; and if I have been able to convey any notion of what occurred at Guthrie, it can readily be inferred what was transpiring all over the Territory.

But what of the farmer? I can only reply that he was there on the ground, and succeeded in homesteading about all the desirable quarter sections in the new Territory; but the President's message fixed the date of the opening of Oklahoma altogether too late for him to plant his crops this season; and it will be quite twelve months before his labor will begin to make this former desert "blossom like the rose."

## MERMAID STORIES.

By GEO. NEWELL LOVEJOY.

IN several of the European countries it is said that seaside folk and sailors, at least those belonging to the simple-minded class, continue, as in former times, to foster the belief in the actual existence of what are known as mermaids. Even to-day, as in former ages, this class of individuals is wont to see more varieties of fish and various forms of amphibia than land people, besides appearing to delight thoroughly in the most marvelous tales concerning such forms of being.

Ancient classical writers describe the sirens as two maidens who passed their time sitting by the sea, and who, through the wondrous witchery of their music, so charmed all wayfarers sailing by, that the latter lingered on the spot where they had been spell-bound until they died. The only persons ever known to have succeeded in passing them were Odysseus and his companions, and they did so only by stopping their ears with wax and binding themselves to the masts of their ship. Homer speaks of only two sirens, but as many as four were recognized in later years, and introduced into various legends, such as that of the Argonauts, or the Sicilian story of the rape of Persephone.

The class of people believing in sirens has never experienced any difficulty whatever in believing in mermaids, and down through the ages, ever since mythology had an existence, there has been no lack of mermaid stories, the credibility of which in each instance has been vouched for with all the seriousness of genuine belief. In the year 1390, according to a narrative recorded by an early English writer, there appeared one summer afternoon, on the northern coast of the Isle of Wight, two mermaids. They were but a short distance from the shore, and were observed by three fishermen, whose account of the affair was one and the same. The fishermen stated that the mermaids arose very suddenly out of the water, a dozen or so boat-lengths in front of them, and immediately turned their gaze upon them. They appeared to be about sixteen years of age, and were handsome in feature, as in form, so far as could be seen. They wore very long hair

of an auburn hue, and had beautiful hands, one of which was held to the forehead as if to shade the eyes from the bright sunlight. For a half-moment the fishermen were held to the spot, as it were, so great was their astonishment. But, at length, recovering themselves, they attempted a nearer approach, when suddenly the mermaids quietly sank beneath the surface, and were seen no more.

In the year 1480, according to an old work, descriptive of Holland, a severe tempest broke through the embankments of the low-lying districts, and flooded much meadow and pasture land with the water. In the town of Edam, in West Friesland, several maidens, going over the water districts in a boat, for the purpose of milking their cows, came upon a mermaid, who was entangled in the mud and shallow water. They took her into the boat with them, and brought her to town, and dressed her in woman's apparel, and sought to teach her how to speak, in which effort, however, they signally failed. But they succeeded in teaching her how to spin, and to make herself useful in certain other ways. She would eat as they did, and though she was given to smiling at times, she was never known to laugh aloud. After a time they took her to Haarlem, where she is said to have lived quite a number of years, though showing all the while a very strong inclination for the water. She was given, as the reader is informed, "some notions of a Deity, and she made her reverences very devoutly whenever she passed by a crucifix."

An almanac for the year 1688 took occasion to inform its readers that, "Near the place where the famous Dee payeth its tribute to the German Ocean, if curious observers of wonderful things in Nature will be pleased to resort thither on the 1st, 13th, and 29th of May, and in divers other times in the ensuing summer, as also in the harvest-time, to the 7th and 14th of October, they will undoubtedly see a pretty company of mermaids, creatures of admirable beauty, and likewise hear their charming, sweet, melodious voices." The very wise prognosticator goes even so far as to tell what song these Scotch

mermaids will sing, and it is nothing more or less than a new version of "God Save the King." Now, whether the song in question was intended for the benefit of William of Orange or James II., the reader is left in no little doubt, since the year 1688 was a decidedly uncertain and even critical one, so far as dynastic matters were concerned. Still, the main thing that was to be kept in mind was the fact that mermaids would show sufficient skill, on the occasion spoken of, to sing so popular an air as the one referred to.

Going back to 1560, we shall not fail to be interested in a discovery made in that year by several fishermen on the west coast of Ceylon. The fishermen brought up at a single draught of the net "seven mermen and maids," an unintentional but magnificent haul certainly. A Jesuit missionary, who saw the creatures, certified that they were real types of humanity, no doubt losing sight, for the time being, of the fact that they were possessed of fish-shaped tails.

The question of tails, however, was satisfactorily settled during that same century by painters and engravers in the following manner: In French and German works on heraldry, mermaids were made with two tails, while a double-tailed mermaid was portrayed in a Swiss edition of Ptolemy's Geography, published in 1540. The Venetian printers also showed a decided fondness for having the same character of symbol appear on the title-pages of their books. In 1650, or a little later, a Spaniard by the name of Merallo made a voyage to Congo. On his return home he published an interesting account of his exploration, and his narrative stated that on his way thither he saw in the sea "some beings like unto men, not only in their figures, but likewise in their actions." He saw them gathering "a great quantity of a certain herb, with which they immediately plunged themselves into the sea." The sailors made every effort to catch them in one of their nets, but in vain, for the mermaids or mermen proved equal to the occasion, "lifting up the net and making good their escape."

No famous personage, in history has ever been made the butt of more and various forms of caricature than Mary Queen of Scots. It is reported that she was greatly disturbed in mind, at times, on account of the ridiculous representations in which she was often made

to appear by those that felt a dislike for her. Certain of these caricatures represented her as a mermaid sitting on a dolphin. One of these pictures, or representations, was found in the English State Paper Office years ago, and it was described as a vulgar, mean affair. Some writer has stated that the immortal William must have had this very caricature in mind when he wrote the "Midsummer Night's Dream." What else could Shakespeare, when addressing *Puck* through *Obéron*, says this same writer, "have referred to when he says:

"Thou rememberest since once I sat upon a promontory,  
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back,  
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath  
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,  
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres  
To hear the sea-maid's music."

Sirens and mermaids were really a favorite theme, in one way and another, with Shakespeare. He made many of his characters talk about these beings. "I'll stop mine ear against the mermaid's song." "I'll draw more sailors than the mermaids shall." "At the helm a seeming mermaid steers." These, and other sentiments that might be quoted, are taken from the great poet.

Haydn, the famous composer, also showed a liking for introducing the mermaid into his creations, as in the following example where the siren of the sea says to some enchanted mortal:

"Come with me, and we will go  
Where the rocks of coral grow."

In an old work entitled "Brand's Description of the Orkney and Shetland Islands" it is narrated that in 1701 "a boat at the fishing drew her lines, and one of them, as the fishers thought, having some great fish upon it, was, with greater difficulty than the rest, raised from the ground. But when raised, it came more easily to the surface of the water, upon which a creature like a mermaid presented itself at the side of the boat. It had the face, arms, breast, and shoulders of a woman, and long hair hanging down the back; but the nether part was beneath the water, so that they could not understand the shape thereof. The two fishers, who were in the boat, being much surprised at this strange sight, one of them unadvisedly drew a knife and thrust it into her bosom, whereupon she cried, as they judged, 'Alas!' The hook giving way she fell backward, and was seen

no more. The hook, being big, went in at her chin and out at the upper lip."

Of course Brand did not see all this; he heard the story from a lady, who received the narrative from a lady friend, the latter hearing the story from a gentleman, to whom it was told by the bailie, who got the information from the fishermen who had to do with the mermaid. The account of the affair closes with the statement that the fisherman who was so cruel as to stab the mermaid was greatly troubled in soul after the event. He never prospered in his calling, was tormented by an evil spirit in the person of an old man, who, hour after hour, used to say to him, "Who killed the woman?" and "Why did you do such a thing?" The poor fisherman did not survive the occurrence a great while, and in the end his death was a miserable one.

In the year 1737 the crew of a ship, recently arrived in the Thames from the East Indies, reported that they had partaken of a mermaid on the island of Mauritius. They pronounced the flesh excellent, comparing it to veal, and said the mermaid weighed over three hundred pounds, and was a splendid specimen in every way. The head was very large, as were the features, which were very much like those of a woman. When they, after some little difficulty, succeeded in capturing the creature, "it cried and grieved with great sensibility," they declared.

In the same year a story came from Vigo, in Spain, to the effect that some fishermen on that coast, one morning, had captured a sort of merman, measuring five feet and a half from head to foot. The head was said to be similar to that of a goat, with all the adjuncts in the way of a long beard and mustache. It had a rather hairy and very long neck, short arms, and hands much longer and larger than they should have been in proportion to the arms, and long slim fingers, with nails like claws. Its toes were webbed, and it had a fin at the lower part of its back. Its skin was black and hard. In the year 1782, a Welsh farmer of the name of Reynolds, living at a place called Pen-y-hold, one day saw something that he fancied, or believed, was a mermaid. He reported his discovery to one George Philips, a physician residing near him, who told the story to a young lady, who told it to a Mrs. Moore, who in turn told it to a friend of hers, and

she wrote an account of the discovery for a certain Mrs. Morgan, who included it in a work of hers, entitled "A Tour to Milford Haven." Like the story of the Three Black Crows, or the parlor game of "Russian Scandal," the narrative probably grew in its travels; but its ultimate form was as follows: "One morning, just outside the cliff at Pen-y-hold, Reynolds saw what seemed to him to be a person bathing in the sea, the upper portion of the body being out of the water. On a nearer view, it looked like the upper part of a person in a tub, a youth, for instance, of sixteen or eighteen years of age, with fair white skin, so far as features were concerned, a sort of brownish body, and what appeared to be a tail under the water. The head and body were, in shape, human; but the arms and hands were thick in proportion to their length; while the nose, extending high between the eyes, terminated rather sharply. The mysterious being looked attentively at Reynolds, and at the cliffs, and at the birds flying in the air, but uttered no cry. Reynolds went to bring some one to see the merman, or mermaid, but when he returned it had disappeared."

The real facts in the case afterward came out, and were these: A fisherman, with a goodly amount of common sense in his make-up, happened to be in his boat under the cliffs at the time, and observed the wonderful creature, which was really nothing but a splendid specimen of seal.

Some English magazines, in 1775, mentioned the taking of a mermaid in the Levant by some seamen, who brought it to London. One of the magazines very gravely informed its readers that the mermaid resembled very strongly a European in features and complexion. It was evidently youthful, had light blue eyes, a small nose, and thin lips; "but the edges of them were round like those of a codfish." Its teeth were very small, white, and regular; its neck was perfect in form, though the ears were like an eel's; "but placed like those of the human species, with gills for respiration which resembled curls." Its head was devoid of hair, but covered, so to speak, with "rolls, which might be mistaken for curls at a distance." A fin rose pyramidally from the temples, "forming a fore-top, like that of a lady's head-dress." The bust was said to have been like that of a healthy damsel—a properly or-

thodox mermaid—here the lofty description suddenly ends, owing to the fact that all below the waist was precisely *like a fish*! The creature was assisted to swim by three sets of fins below the waist, each above the other. The article closes as follows: "Finally, the mermaid in question has an enchanting voice, which it never exerts except before a storm."

To sum it all up, the magazine referred to had been doing, perhaps innocently enough, a piece of imaginative description, for it was subsequently proved beyond a doubt that the mermaid was only the angle-shark!

Like those preceding it, our century has had its supply of mermaid stories, some of which have proved their right to be numbered among the most interesting recorded by the historian. With respect to the narrative feature, I propose to close this article by subjoining the following brief account of a mermaid that appeared one day in 1819 off the coast of Martinique. An unsensational work called "Rees's Cyclopædia" spoke as follows concerning the discovery: "We have a well-attested account of a merman, or mermaid, near the great rock, called Diamond, on the coast of Martinique. The persons that saw it gave a precise description of it before a notary. They affirm that they saw it wipe its hands over its face, and even heard it blow its nose."

Certain naturalists, from time to time, have pointed out characteristics in marine animals which establish in living creatures

some, at least, of the stories concerning mermaids. For example, Sir J. E. Tennent's account of what is known among naturalists as the dugong, a herbivorous, cetaceous animal found in the Indian Ocean, bears very strongly on the case. Tennent says: "The rude approach to the human outline observed in the shape of the head of the creature, and the attitude of the mother while suckling her young, holding it to her breast with one flipper while swimming with the other, holding the heads of both above water, and when disturbed, suddenly diving and displaying her fish-like tail,—these, together with her habitual demonstrations of strong maternal affection, probably gave rise to the fable of the mermaid." Other naturalists refer to this animal in the same way, holding to the theory that the mythical mermaid is really founded on the dugong. But, whether human or mere animal, whether man, woman, or fish, one thing is certain: The mermaid has for ages found an abiding-place in the sentiment of poets, composers, and indeed of all writers who love to indulge in fanciful creations. This fair and seductive being has been portrayed in various ways to the understanding; but probably the real, orthodox mermaid has been oftenest represented in the person of a very beautiful maiden in the act of resting while taking her bath at the seashore, standing waist-deep in the water, one hand occupied in combing her luxuriant hair, and the other holding a bright mirror to her smiling face.

## STORM.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

THE sound of thunder rolled down the threatening arch of sky,  
Echoed from hill to hill till the valley rang with the roar,  
And a few great drops of rain on a sudden gust swept by,  
To fall like a bullet spent on the highway's dusty floor.

Then a mighty wind arose and blew from the sunset land,  
Blew till the tall trees bent like the slender blades of grain;  
Wildly their tangled boughs were tossed by the tempest's hand  
That smote the cowering fields with the dashing drifts of rain.

But the wrath of the storm-king died, and silence came like a boon;  
The far horizon glowed with gold-edged amethyst bars;  
And up the seas of the night came sailing the mystical moon,  
Her sapphire pathway strewn with the blossoming silver stars.

## CONVENTIONS DURING THE ANTISLAVERY AGITATION.

BY ABBY M. DIAZ.

THE conventions held during the great agitation serve as waymarks by showing what, and how manifested, were the opposing forces. Mr. Garrison had expected no such agitation. He never supposed it would agitate Republicans to hear that all men are born free, or that it would agitate Christians to be told that all mankind are brethren. Great was his astonishment at finding the Church, as well as the general sentiment of the people, arrayed against him. His task was hereby more than doubled, for a greater and more discouraging evil than slavery itself was this general abandonment of acknowledged principles.

One remarkable feature of the antislavery movement was the direct help it received from opposition. The prevalence of color hatred was an example of this. In June of 1831, previous to the formation of any antislavery society, a convention of colored people was held in Philadelphia, which considered and approved a plan for the establishment of a collegiate school on the manual labor plan for young men of color, existing institutions denying them admission, but the whole scheme was frustrated by the bitter opposition of the whites. The persecution which compelled Prudence Crandall to give up her school for colored girls in Canterbury, Conn., brought powerful aid to the antislavery cause in the person of Charles C. Burleigh. This vigorous young farmer was also a young lawyer of unusual promise, but after earnest consideration he turned from the prospect of a brilliant career, and devoted himself to the cause of the oppressed. Possessed of remarkable argumentative powers, and a leading speaker at State and county conventions, he won over multitudes of unbelievers.

The continued existence of slavery was doubtless owing to the color hatred, as the civilized world would hardly have so long endured the spectacle of white people in bondage under a system which made teaching them even the alphabet a crime punishable with fine and imprisonment,

which inflicted tortures cruel beyond belief, which ignored the marriage relation, and raised human beings for traffic as cattle are bred for the market. As Wise, of Virginia, said: "Why take a thought of benefiting the race of my slave more than about benefiting the race of my ox, or my ass, or anything else that is mine?" Herein lay the security of the slave-holders, that the slave be regarded as a chattel. It was Mr. Garrison's assertion of the humanity of their chattels which gave the alarm, for he and his associates proposed only peaceful means. All violence was discountenanced. They would "lift up the voice of remonstrance, of warning, of entreaty, of rebuke," asserts the Declaration of Principle, submitted at the Antislavery Convention of December, 1833. This first antislavery convention met in Philadelphia to form an American Antislavery Society. Those in attendance had already become objects of persecution, a number of them being active members of the New England Society, formed nearly two years previous.

It was no common audience which listened to Mr. Garrison's Declaration of Principles, weighing each word as he uttered it. The effect upon the assemblage is thus described by one of them: "After the voice of the reader had ceased there was a profound silence for several minutes. Our hearts were in perfect unison. Either of the members could have told what the whole convention felt." The solemn silence was broken. Women were in attendance and took part at this first antislavery convention.

The Boston and New York May conventions of 1834 were made especially interesting by the presence of delegates from Lane Seminary on the banks of the Ohio. Under the charge of Dr. Beecher, this seminary had drawn together upwards of a hundred young men of remarkable worth and ability, some of them from the South. After a series of discussions a large majority passed resolutions in favor of immediate emancipation. This was in opposition to the ground held by Dr. Beecher



*Truth for authority,  
not  
authority for truth,*

*Lucretia Mott.*

*(From the "Letters of James and Lucretia Mott."  
By courtesy of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)*

and the faculty and corporation, and the newly-formed antislavery society was compelled to disband. As a consequence, seventy or eighty of the students withdrew to their homes, or to the lecture field, thus widely spreading what the edict had aimed to suppress. One of these so influenced Hon. James G. Birney, a wealthy slave-holder, that he freed his slaves, established an antislavery paper in Ohio, and made his large means and influence to serve the cause. His abilities as a speaker attracted large audiences. The Lane Seminary delegates to the conventions of 1834 were James Thorne, son of a slave-holder, and Henry B. Stanton, afterward the husband of Elizabeth Cady, and for ten years a brilliant antislavery lecturer. The circumstances under which they came gave added power to their presence and their eloquence. The New York convention sent in a request to the American Bible Society,

then supplying "every family with a Bible," that they would count in the two and a half million of slaves, but the messenger was refused a hearing.

August of 1834 saw the English West Indian slaves set free, and in the following October, by Mr. Garrison's invitation, came over to us from England the orator who did so much to accomplish this, George Thompson, the associate of Brougham, Wilberforce, and O'Connell. On the passage of the Emancipation Act Lord Brougham said: "I rise to take the crown of this most famous victory off the head of every other man and place it upon George Thompson's." Mr. Thompson's first address in this country was made at a convention held in Groton, Massachusetts, the day after his arrival. The audience were completely carried away by the brilliant oratory of Mr. Thompson, even boys of twelve or fourteen sharing the enthusiasm. This overpowering eloquence won easy converts among the crowds addressed by him in various places. To his zeal he united a Christlike spirit, insisting always on kindness and forbearance, yet the people at large hated and reviled him. Rewards were offered for his life. Mr. May says: "Twice I assisted to help him escape from hired ruffians. . . . As we passed the meeting-house from which he and his audience had been routed the night before, he was overcome by his emotions. There lay strewn upon the ground fragments of windows, blinds, and doors, and some of the heavy missiles with which they had been broken." At length, urged by friends, he took a private opportunity of leaving the country. His power to sway audiences must wonderfully have advanced the cause. For the antislavery movement may be said to have proceeded largely by conventions. Nearly all other means were denied to the despised Abolitionists. The Church, the press, political influence, commerce, society, religion, the dictum of learning, the concert of culture, all were arrayed against them. The bitterest epithets malignity could invent were applied to them. Mob violence everywhere assailed them; but by the eloquence of their conventions they undermined these barriers, reached the heart and mind of the people, and by thus creating a new public opinion, achieved their purpose. The more important

conventions held in Boston and New York were grand centers of information and of inspiration.

At these yearly gatherings earnest attention was given as this or that speaker portrayed the cruelties of slavery as made known by eye-witnesses, or by the "marks" of advertised runaways; spoke of its depraving effect upon the whites; of the shame of having a slave market in the capital of our republic; of the iniquity of the inter-State traffic in human beings; of the inconsistency of sending missionaries and Bibles to the heathen when millions of our own people were not allowed to read so much as the one word of God; of the subserviency of the North; of pulpit and press united in defense of slavery; of the right of free speech imperiled; of the prospect of a gag-law in Massachusetts—these topics and others being illustrated by a large array of facts, and by incidents from real life. No wonder that in such presence, listening to such portrayals, presented with a power which to them has made all later eloquence seem tame, the audiences were aroused to the highest pitch of indignation, or enthusiasm, or determination, according to the nature of the topic presented. For those true and tried who went up thither from the country towns and villages took enthusiasm with them, and in meeting each other received yet more; thus there was plenty to be kindled anew at every fresh appeal, and at every entrance of a recognized leader. The countenance of the central figure, Garrison, was in itself a speech without words. And Phillips—those who have felt his power in these calmer times can imagine how he would set forth a terrible wrong, sustained as that was sustained, calmly but surely carrying his breathless audience on and on and on, until they were wrought up beyond all power of expression. And to those earlier conventions came young John G. Whittier, made conspicuous by his Quaker cut apparel and the jet black locks clustering around his white forehead. And there was Samuel J. May, the beloved, whose countenance was "Smiling May," "sparkling and bright," despite its seriousness, and the tones of whose voice were so wondrously sweet and thrilling as to seem to be heard rather with the heart than with the ear. Rightly was he termed the St. John Apostle of the Gospel of Freedom.

There, too, was the saintly Charles Follen, scholar, professor, and afterward teacher, who fled from Germany to escape imprisonment for his free utterances. His rounded countenance, with its full, deep-set eyes, its broad forehead, and serene expression, well showed forth his distinguishing qualities, love, wisdom, faith. His counsels were ever for patience and forbearance, though he served the cause with an earnestness natural to so ardent a lover of freedom.

The common devotion to the cause found different physical expression in Charles C. Burleigh, the defender of Prudence Crandall. His spare, upright figure, his intellectual and clearly-outlined face were made especially noticeable by his rather dark auburn hair, worn parted in the middle and hanging in long curls on either side. Mr. May said of him that he "delighted and astonished his hearers by the brilliancy of his rhetoric, the surpassing beauty of his imagery, and aptness of his illustrations." And among others to be seen and heard was the Lane Seminary orator, Theodore Weld, whose moving eloquence came straight from his heart; and with him the quick and fiery Phelps, and to further stimulate the zeal, those Luthers of the cause, Foster and Pillsbury; also John A. Collins, who could so set forth the importance and exigencies of the work as to make money and jewels seem



*L. Maria Child.*

(From the "Letters of Lydia Maria Child."  
By courtesy of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

of no account except to drop into the contribution box, doing its brave work through aisles and galleries. And there were women in those times. Lucretia Mott and Abby Tolley, of the Friends' Persuasion, gave the benediction of their beautiful presence and their spoken word; and soon came from the South, to plead for women in slavery, the Quaker sisters, Angelina and Sara Grimke, daughters of a prominent slave-holder. Their personal attractiveness and the peculiar circumstances of their mission drew crowds, and their clear presentation of the subject in all its bearings, together with the pathos of their appeals, worked powerfully for conviction and conversion.

And among the women who spoke only by their presence at those conventions was Maria Weston Chapman, a youthful convert, whose beauty and accomplishments and intellectual gifts so won the heart of a prosperous "high class" and high-minded young merchant of Boston, that in espousing her he espoused her cause. She it was who planned the annual antislavery fairs, and made them one of the fashionable attractions of Boston as well as a chief reliance of the antislavery treasury. She it was who had always the right word for the time, the swift suggestion, the wisdom for every emergency, and who laid bare with a pen-stroke the recreancy, or cowardice, or brutality of men of high degree, according to the demands of the occasion.

And Lydia Maria Child—then in the first glow and glory of her already national fame as a writer—she came to the conventions. Pages would not suffice to tell of her self-sacrifice and its results: how, after the appearance of her "Appeal in Behalf of that Class of Americans called Africans," her books came back to the publishers, and how nobly she gave up the gain of money, and of that literary pre-eminence so coveted by authors, cut herself off from social and intellectual companionship which would otherwise have been hers, faced obloquy and scorn, all for righteousness' sake. Her rare abilities were indeed as precious gifts laid upon the altar.

It was a consciousness of the high moral atmosphere of the place which made these conventions what they were; an atmosphere so made up of all that is good and grand that heroism, courage, self-consecration, zeal, were as their very breath of life.

Attention was turned from all other considerations and fixed on principles—divine principles. Thus baser matters were let go, and for a while all present became dwellers upon the heights. Words can not tell how precious were these opportunities of coming together, how cordial were the meetings, how warm the greetings. At home they were as a class set apart; objects of derision, often of persecution. Here they met as one, thought as one, heard as one, responded as one to the devoted leaders they so loved and revered. At the same time this rapt attention, this *felt* response, sustained the speakers, and were as fuel to the fire of their eloquence. What wonder that they could toil and faint not, thus drawing strength and inspiration from the hearts of the people—and such people! And what wonder that these returned to their homes inspired anew with enthusiasm, which was centered and outspoken at county conventions, thence conveyed to town gatherings, and from them to neighborhoods and families! How mothers, quick to catch the inspiration, made the cause their mission, worked for it, talked for it, prayed for it; sent their children from house to house with copies of Mrs. Child's "Appeal," petitions to be signed, antislavery almanacs to sell; invited and entertained lecturers, beset trustees for use of churches, and arranged for public meetings! The various county conventions came under their special consideration, and were eagerly looked forward to as occasions of enjoyment.

The scholarly Edmund Quincy became prominent in these as well as in the larger conventions. His conversion and immediate consecration to the cause brought joy to the Abolitionists; for, aside from all that he represented as a Quincy, he gave untiring service as a speaker and as a journalist, always excelling as a presiding officer. He went on lecturing tours from town to town, speaking in schoolhouses and elsewhere, and some of his experiences while sojourning among the country folk afforded amusement to himself and others. "Why, they actually call *beans* dinner!" he said to a city friend. One of his humble entertainers, sitting with him by her fireside, braiding straw, looked up placidly, and asked, "And what does sister Quincy do for a living?" The courtly gentleman replied,

with his native politeness, that sister Quincy found sufficient employment in caring for her household.

By means of these frequent county and town gatherings, the undermining work—of reaching mind and heart—went effectively on, in spite of the mob violence and even danger to life often encountered. Observing this, the proslavery element of Boston called a convention in Faneuil Hall (the Cradle of Liberty), in August of 1835, which was addressed in inflammatory and denunciatory language by Sprague, Fletcher, and Otis, the mayor presiding. The unmistakable suggestions of this convention, together with those of the daily papers, instigated that mob of "gentlemen of property and standing" (quoted from daily papers) which broke up a female antislavery meeting held in Boston in October, 1835. On account of the crowd, only those members who went very early could gain admittance. While prayer was being offered, the mob raged outside. Mr. Garrison describes it as "an awful, sublime, and soul-thrilling scene. The clear, untremulous voice of that Christian heroine in prayer occasionally awed the ruffians into silence." The door was burst open, and missiles were thrown in. The crowd which thronged the stairway extended outside to the number of three or four thousand. Says Mrs. Chapman, "The tumult continually increased, with horrible execrations, howling, stamping, and finally shrieking with rage." As the ladies passed out, "the way was darkened by the crowd, . . . but there was no mistake. We could identify their faces; . . . of the wealthy and respectable, the moral worth," etc.\* It was on this occasion that Mr. Garrison, who had been invited to address the meeting, had his clothes nearly torn from his body, and was carried to Leverett Street jail as the only means of saving his life.

On that same October day occurred two other riots—one in Montpelier, Vermont, where a mob of first-class citizens broke up a meeting held by Samuel J. May; the other in Utica, New York, where a convention of six hundred had met to form a State society. Leading papers and people had declared that the convention should not be allowed to organize. As a consequence, the whole city

was in uproar. The mob, having among its leaders the first judge of the county and an Oneida member of Congress, thundered at the doors of the convention, and finally burst in. One of them demanded the minutes of the meeting. The secretary, an aged minister, refused. They crowded him against the wall, clutched him by the collar, and threatened to beat him. A man high in official position raised his cane and cried, "G—d d—n you! Give the papers up, or I'll knock you in the head!" He was finally induced, on promise of return, to hand the papers to his son, one of the rioters' "committee."

This ended the convention, but this, also, gave the cause an impetus beyond calculation. For the Honorable Gerrit Smith, at that time a colonizationist, came to that Utica convention, and so indignant and alarmed was he at the utter violation of the right of free discussion and the permitted rule of mob law, and so favorably impressed with the spirit and principles of the Abolitionists, that he invited the convention to his own home in Peterboro. There was good attendance, and he then and there became a member of the society, offered a resolution, and supported it in an eloquent address on the right of free discussion. In him the cause gained a new leader; one whose high standing, united to immense wealth and influence, made him a tower of strength. All through the conflict his able pen and eloquent speech and open purse rendered effective service, and his capacious residence was an antislavery home, whose hospitality knew no bounds.

From the same cause, denial of free speech, Wendell Phillips sprang into leadership. The event itself, however, was more tragic in its nature. A negro, in fighting off an officer about to arrest him, killed the officer. The negro was chained to a tree and burned alive. This took place in Missouri. The judge, in charging the jury, exonerated the murderers. Rev. Elijah P. Lovejoy, then editing a religious paper in St. Louis, though not connected with the Abolitionists, published some adverse comments, and said some true things about slavery. An enraged crowd at once demolished his office. He then moved his paper to Alton, Illinois, but his press was destroyed as soon as landed. A second and a third met the same fate. The

\* See Mrs. Chapman's "Right and Wrong in Boston," published in 1836.

excitement was intense. A State antislavery convention held there just at that time, November, 1837, was broken up by a mob. It adjourned to a private house and passed a resolution that freedom of speech and of the press demanded that *The Alton Observer*, with Lovejoy as editor, be re-established at Alton. Rev. Dr. Edward Beecher drew up a bold declaration of sentiments. A town meeting was called to consider the matter. Mr. Lovejoy there made a speech powerful from its pathos and its devotion to principle, regardless of consequences. Dr. Beecher says of this: "Many a hard face did I see wet with tears as Mr. Lovejoy struck the chords of feeling to which God made the soul to respond. Even his bitter enemies wept. It reminded me of Paul before Festus and of Luther at Worms." Free speech would have triumphed but for the adverse influence of Rev. Joel Parker and John Hogan, a Methodist preacher. The latter made a strong inflammatory speech, and the mob spirit ruled victorious. The new press arrived November 7, and that night, while he and others were defending it from the destroyers, Lovejoy was murdered.

This tragedy aroused the whole North, and although many apologized, yet some, even of the clergy, dared show displeasure. In response to a call for a meeting in the interests of free speech and a free press, crowds filled Faneuil Hall—though this was first refused, on the ground that the sentiments expressed "might be considered," while they "ought not to be regarded, as the voice of the city." After resolutions had been passed in accordance with the call to the meeting, arose James T. Austin, and in an inflammatory speech justified the Alton rioters, comparing them to the tea-destroyers of the Revolution. Then came the supreme moment. Then stepped forward a young man known to but few present—Wendell Phillips; Wendell Phillips, representing the high circles of Boston, the high culture of Harvard, and the high principles of freedom and justice—and in a speech, "sublime, irresistible, annihilating," denounced the sentiments just uttered and defended the right. "Mr. Chairman, when I heard the gentleman lay down principles which placed the rioters, incendiaries, and murderers of Alton side by side with Otis and Hancock, with Quincy and Adams, I thought those

pictured lips [pointing to portraits] would have broken into voice to rebuke the recreant American, the slanderer of the dead." Through the whole conflict occurs no so striking an instance in which race hatred and opposition to principles worked for these principles and for the interests of that very race. For then it was that Wendell Phillips, whose eloquence none could withstand, turned aside from sure professional and political eminence, and made all that he was and all that he had to serve the cause of freedom.

It was in this same year, 1837, that a convention of antislavery women from the several States met in New York, to consider the condition of women subject to the many degradations of slavery, and to enlist the sympathies of Northern women in their behalf. The Grimke sisters were present. This convention was made the subject of violent and long-continued abuse, poured forth from pulpit and press. Those who now flock in admiring crowds to the women's missionary meetings have little idea how the way to these was opened by the antislavery women of fifty years ago, or what odium was then cast upon any who dared to thus convene or to address an audience.

But although woman's voice was seldom heard in public, she persistently exercised a right universally allowed even to the humblest, the right of praying to a superior power. It was largely owing to this persistency that year after year petitions were sent to Congress praying for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, that district being owned by the whole people and under direct government control. The Southern members were enraged that John Quincy Adams dared present these petitions, and still more that in the face of their wrath he declared that he must and should do so. Mr. Adams was not an Abolitionist, but in these single-handed contests he planted himself squarely on the right of petition, which he said "belongs to humanity," and no abuse, no threats even, could move him. "Did the gentleman from South Carolina think to frighten me by his threat of a grand jury? Let me tell him that he *mistook his man*. I am not to be frightened from the discharge of a duty by his indignation, nor by all the grand juries in the universe." In

August of 1837 a large number of his constituents held a convention in Quincy, Massachusetts, to publicly approve his course. While the assembly were waiting for his appearance Mr. Francis Jackson arrived from Boston with a poem from John Pierpont, beginning:

"What! our petitions spurned? The prayer  
Of thousands, tens of thousands, cast  
Beneath your speaker's chair?"

It was received with unbounded enthusiasm. The reader, Rev. Samuel J. May, says: "It struck the keynote to which the feelings of all were attuned. . . . *Encore! Encore!* resounded from every part of the hall. As I was reading the last stanza Mr. Adams entered, escorted by the committee. Now the applause rose in deafening cheers. Hurrah! Hurrah!! Hurrah!!! The hero comes! Three times three, and then again. . . . He seemed no more 'the old man eloquent.' He could not utter a word. He stood trembling before us. . . . His first words were, 'My friends, my neighbors, my constituents—though I tremble before you, I hope, I trust, you know that I have never trembled before the enemies of your liberties, your sacred rights.'"

It was all very well that women assumed the laboring oar in the circulation of petitions, as well as of raising funds; but soon objections began to be made that in addressing audiences they were stepping over the lines, and many wished this prohibited. More thought there should be no restriction, and at the New England May convention of 1838 a resolution to this effect was passed by a very large majority. A number of the more "orthodox" withdrew their names, and others had their protest entered upon the records. A convention of the American Society, held the following year in New York, passed a similar resolution, though with a vote of only one hundred and eighty against one hundred and forty.

The fact of the large minority, together with Mr. Garrison's views on non-resistance, politics, etc., accounts for the secession which occurred at the eventful convention of this same society in 1840. The issue was so important as to draw a large delegation from New England. A steamboat was chartered, and they went on in far greater numbers than had been arranged for in the

Graham boarding-house of Mr. Roswell Goss, a friend of the cause. Hotels would not knowingly incur the disgrace and mob-danger of sheltering a body of Abolitionists. A company of them obtained permission to encamp in the extensive loft of St. John's Hall, but were summarily dispersed, as the owner had been told that otherwise a mob would attack the building. The burning of Pennsylvania Hall, in Philadelphia, was still fresh in mind. Various were the experiences of that evening. One delegation walked the streets looking for lodgings, and as twilight darkened into night, felt upon the doors for the word "Boarding;" the younger members exulting one among another at the "lark" of finding themselves in a strange city, hungry, homeless, and forlorn. In one place, having obtained entrance, with promise of bed and board, they took off their things, and were enjoying the tantalizing smell of the prospective supper, when something—probably their unsophisticated appearance—alarmed the boarders, and after some whispering the hostess informed the new arrivals that they must depart, as by sheltering them she should lose all her regular boarders. After prolonged wandering they obtained as much as they would take of the food and lodging afforded by a tenth-rate boarding-house.

At this convention the question of allowing women all rights of membership, speaking included, was decided in the affirmative, by a vote of five hundred and fifty-seven to four hundred and fifty-one. The large minority seceded and formed a new society, which, however, did not live to see the end of slavery.

This convention was also noted for introducing a colored speaker, Henry Highland Garnett. Frederick Douglass escaped from slavery in 1838, but did not appear on the platform until 1841, at a convention held in Nantucket. His address there showed such extraordinary abilities as to astonish and delight the audience, and he was at once engaged as a permanent lecturer, and proved indeed a power, for aside from his eloquence he was in himself a living argument. The particulars of his escape are of intense interest; indeed, no fiction could invent experiences so thrilling as can be told by those who lived on the track of the *underground*

*railroad.* At least twenty thousand traveled through to Canada, arriving at the various stations in various conditions and at all hours of day and night. This state of things caused the South to demand the purchase and annexation of the free province of Texas as a slave State: First, as opening a new field for slave labor and traffic; second, to prevent the easy escape of slaves allowed by so extensive free borderland; third, it would increase the political power of the South, as in representation every five slaves counted for three whites. This plan of making the free States a hunting ground aroused the North as it never had been aroused. Indignation meetings were held in various places, and vigilance committees were formed to take charge of possible cases and to prevent the action of the law. In the summer of 1851 Mr. Webster, then making a lecturing tour for the purpose of persuading the people to obey the law, came to Syracuse, and spoke from a balcony to a large audience. His dictatorial tone gave offense. He declared that "the law shall be enforced. Yes, in the city of Syracuse it shall be enforced, and that too in the midst of the next antislavery convention, if there shall be occasion." The threat probably brought its fulfillment, for on October 1, while an antislavery convention was there assembled, a cooper named Jerry was arrested as a slave, on the testimony of an agent who declared him to be the property of a Mr. Reynolds, of Mississippi. The law required but this single testimony, and no "jury trial." The signal bell summoned the vigilance committee. A rescue was planned and accomplished. The convention had brought together large numbers of Abolitionists. In the evening, at a given signal, the rescuers burst through the doors and windows of the police office in such numbers as to overwhelm the officers, put Jerry into a buggy, and a fleet horse driven by a skillful hand took him round and round *within* the city, and left him in a friendly home. A few days later he was sent secretly away, and after some narrow escapes arrived safely in Canada.

The Fugitive Slave Law, with its results of occasional escapes and renditions, kept the North in a ferment and caused larger attendance at the conventions, though even in

Massachusetts, even in Boston, it had many supporters.

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After so much of tumult it is a satisfaction to shift the scene to a convention held at Charleston, South Carolina, at the close of the war, the occasion being the raising of the Union flag at Fort Sumter. The streets are thronged with the newly free, shouting their cheers and their songs of freedom. Colored children march in long processions. On the arrival of Mr. Garrison, the enthusiasm of the crowd is beyond all expression. A rush is made, and their hero and champion is borne on their shoulders to the stand. George Thompson is there, and Henry Wilson, and the orator of the day, Henry Ward Beecher. As Wilson can not speak in the open air, there is a move to Zion's Church, and three thousand freedmen crowd inside. The army and navy are well represented. Ladies are present. A colored man approaches the pulpit with his two daughters, who have come to present Mr. Garrison a wreath of flowers in token of their gratitude. Their father, in an address of welcome, tells of his grief at being robbed of these children, now restored to him through Mr. Garrison's instrumentality. He speaks of the emotions then being experienced by reunited families. "The greeting that they would give you, sir, it is almost impossible for me to express; but simply, sir, we welcome and look upon you as our savior."

History can furnish no more impressive scene than this of Charleston, where the deliverer of millions enjoys with them their deliverance, and after a life of the bitterest persecution stands there, in the citadel of those who sought his life, the honored guest of the nation, witnessing the final triumph of principle.

The influence of that education in principles enjoyed by the Abolitionists is in this present day a power working for the uplifting of the nation; and it will continue to work until all shall see that the religion of human brotherhood means equal opportunities for all, irrespective of class; and until each individual, irrespective of sex, be left equally free to decide questions of duty, and have equal voice in the making and administration of the laws which govern all.

## WITCHERY.

BY ELI SHEPPERD.

"EF yer wanter be loved en yer wanter be loved right hard, dis way yer gotter do: Des ee you go out on er moon-white night wid yer head en yer feet bare te de wettes' dews er de spring-time; en gether er handful er de ve'y fust flowers dat bust wid de year.

"Bring 'em home en spread 'em high, en dry 'em dry, en spread 'em des on dem days whar de sun shines all day long. Caze yer want er love 'dout no tears en 'dout no fears—rain-drops mus'n't fall on de trial blossoms. En when dem leetle sprigs air dry, rub 'em up in yer fingers, en scrub 'em up in de palms uv yer hands. Den, ef yer wanter be loved, des take dat small brown powder what yer hold twixt yer hands, en des sprinkle hit dis way, en scatter it dat tween de sheets whar sleeps de one yer wanter love yer. Yas! ef yer wants yer mistis ter love yer better 'n she do airy er one er de maids, des sprinkle twixt de sheets whar she guine ter sleep des er leetle er dat small powder. Dat's er love-power, dat is!"

Aunt Dicie believed in the potency of her charm—for Dicie's good mistress had often amiably slept over such a charmed bed. Under the step over which this dear loved mistress' foot often tread Dicie had once placed another "love-power"—a white heifer's horn filled with herbs gathered at certain seasons, and dried and crushed by weird rule in accordance with weird beliefs—these with parts of a frog's head and other uncouth admixtures. When the mistress stepped over the charmed threshold her heart would fill with love for her who placed beneath her feet the potent charm.

"But den," aunt Dicie leers over her market-basket at the crowd of listening girls,—“yer ne'er kin find half-dozen gals together 'dout th'ee third suv 'em be studyin' 'bout sweethearts—de gals dee des studies 'bout de boys! En I knows er sho way I does ter make de one you love love you back agin de same way en de same day!

"En dis what yer gotter do: ketch er wite dove out de woods—caze er dove hit's s'sweet, en er dove hit's s'sof any way. En

when yer gits 'em wile out de woods dee air mighty shy, en dee leetle hearts uv 'em dee beats mighty spry in dere breas',—en de wings uv 'em dee lie mighty light in dere res'. En yer must take out dat wite dove's heart, yer must, en press hit en dry hit en put hit in de oven o'er de coals—git some fraish, red-hot coals,—en scorch dat heart, en parch dat heart twel hit's dry ez a bone-er. Den take hit en beat hit en mash hit en powder hit up wid er siller spoon;—when yer done all dat take en roll hit in a white paper en keep hit close 'ginst yer see dat one dat yer want ter love yer: den slyly slip des er leetle er de powder tween yer fingers en sprinkle hit o'er he head. Eh, den he whole heart 'ill bust inter love fer you, en nobody but you."

However, a young girl's heart, though very gracefully receptive, is rarely so outreaching as to put a charm upon an errant lover's fancy. But very often a little maid may wish to "make assurance doubly sure." So this old possessor of many charms can fit the occasion with lighter fancies:

"Dee tells me," continues aunt Dicie, seating herself at the suggestion of her listeners, "dat when yer wanter know ef yer feller loves yer wid er sparklin' love, en er wholesome strength, en er longsome length, dat all yer hatter do is ter take one er dese heah white folks' matches, one er dese heah leetle strikees, en strike hit—des so!—en hole hit up straight. Ef hit blaze up strong, en burn long, den he loves yer certain ur course; but den ef hit go out des 'mejiately, en don't burn e'en er harf er de stick, den he don't love yer none worth ter speak uv. Dat's what dee tells me, en dat may be er true word."

In early spring, when a "young man's fancy" and all other things variable are turning to love thoughts; when the bare limbs stir together with fuller life; when last year's weed-stalks patter eerily above nature's new crops; when birds and blossoms repeat a jolly promise to the weary world—any little child can tell then how to prove a lover's heart. Note the children

coming down the sunny lanes with slate and books, they stoop to gather from grassy banks where thickly grow the white fibrous leaves of the "rabbit-tobacco." The old nurses have told them long ago how to pull these dainty leaves, holding each end between forefingers and thumbs—if the leaf parts *long*, the strong little fibers holding each other tightly in the pulling, then know that the fond lover's heart-strings so cling tightly to yours; but if the leaf *pops* apart, no fibrous clinging—the sweetheart's love isn't worth having!

And when the mullein, like royalty, from a bed of down, holds up a scepter of gold over a summer world,—the rabbit-tobacco will have grown too old for lover's use. But the anxious maiden can, under the shine of a golden sunset, seek in the long summer grasses where dandelions have lately blossomed yellow, where the golden disks have died and left only a white furze ghost of a flower; and finding one of these tremulous ghosts, and holding the delicate stalk in her fingers, she must blow against the furze with strong breath—if the furze drifts easily to the winds, then she will know that her lover's heart is ripe with love and clean of all thoughts of doubt and desertion.

Again, she may gather from some forest shrub the "love-vine," a brittle growth, yellow as gold, leafless and odorless, that nets the Southern forests like a spider's web. She will tear off a handful of the web and wave it three times over her head, then throw it behind her to some shrub bare of the yellow growth. If the vine flourish after this careless planting, be sure the lover's heart will so be netted with rich and beautiful thoughts of some one!

Indeed, any flower planted and named with the name of a lover, or lovers, if there be more than one, will be index by its flourishing or fading of the name-sake's affections.

The dusky maid that lights the great-house fires will possibly make of each fire-building a "love question." For if the splinters of *fat* pine laid over ruddy coals blaze with one strong *blow*, the little fire-maker's heart may blaze all with happiness, for her sweetheart's love is strong. Much, it will be seen, depends on the good lungs and skill of the seeker after love's assurance; and after all these things do mostly depend on the girl and her kindling qualities.

But how can love prosper without luck and lucre? This way the struggling lover can assure himself good fortune in his pursuit of love and luxuries; when he catches sight of the new moon (and he should see it clear, with no intervening net-work of limbs), he must hold up a coin of silver or gold to the slim, radiant face, and it will smile him a "good-luck" for money getting.

These superstitions will touch and cling to the merest trifles: "Dar ain't no day," announces aunt Dicie, "widout hit's signs no mo'n dar's er season widout its flowers."

"Ef yer right eye quivees," she says in proof of her assertion, "den yer know dat yer gwine soon see dat one yer'll be glad ter see. Ef yer left eye quivees den yer gwine see some one ter make yer sorrier. Ef yer nose itch comp'ny gwine sho eat salt at yer table. Ef yer foots itch yer sho gwine tread strange groun', en yer sho gwine dip ladle in some one else's soup-tureen."

"Ef yer right ear itch yer sweetheart's sholy er talkin' good 'bout yer. Ef yer left ear itch he certain is listin' ter some one talkin' bad 'bout yer."

"Ef yer dream er dream 'bout yer teef drappin' out, dat's er bad sign—de one yer love de moe's' is gwine drap in de mouf er de grave."

If the lips twitch and are nervous in their ruddy foldings there will be kisses to fall on that dewy mouth. To note chickens going to roost before sundown is direful portent—it bodes death to the dearest one. Leaving the spark on a candle-wick to slow fading puts a spell on a lover to bring death to him slowly and surely. If a girl spills salt from a vessel, by some just so careless act will she anger her lover, or her mistress; for these superstitions, many of them, retain the marks of "slave-days." But let the careless girl hasten to gather up a handful of salt and throw it on the fire—when it crackles on the blaze the lover's or mistress' prophesied anger will be straightway allayed.

Aunt Dicie would never consent to see two girls stand beside a third, combing and arranging her hair, for she believes that ere a year had rounded its ring of sunny days, its completed circlet would be set with darkness and death for one of the three, dead with no lover to mourn her loss. She believes, also, that garments and gifts for a

loved one must never be cut out or commenced on a Saturday; for if begun on the last day of the week there will be a "conjure" laid on the wearer: he or she will die ere the garment or trinket will be worn and laid aside.

Even in choosing the color of one's garments the old vendors of superstitions have legends to guide one aright.

"Now blue," says aunt Dicie, "blue's good color, en hit's er true color, en hit's er lucky color. Blue—hit's de sky's color; en blue hit stands fer love.

"Red?—dat's er bad color, dat's gwine bring bad luck ter dem whar wears it. E'en er cow 'll run ter hook er red rag, en er mad bull cyarn' stand hits no how. Gray—well, some say hit's fer sorer, en some say hit's fer sad; but 'pear ter me like hit's er good color, en sorter lucky. Hit's hon'able, I know dat—caze gray's fer age.

"Black! dat's er death-color. Don't yer ne'er put black on yer back!

"White's good. Angels wears white; en de mo'es' fruit-flowers air white; en cotton-fiel's air white. White's lucky en 'lowable, en, mo' 'n dat, hit's spiritual-minded also. Green's fer rich: love green, git rich. Dee tells me, en dee tells me truf, dat green stands fer fraisch pasture. Brown! well, de soun' en sign er dat is good er plenty—dress in brown, en dat be sign dat yer love be foun'."

Very harmless is all the lore of "love powers." "Love charms" rarely work toward evil ends; but the spells of the conjuror are dreaded. Nor can his weird devices be brought to light. Few are accredited with the power to "put a spell" on an enemy, but those few are greatly feared. They use in their practices, lizards, snakes, herbs, grave-yard-dust. From the heads of scorpions or of the most venomous snakes they form an awesome concoction, by use of which they cause to inhabit the victim's body the live serpent or scorpion. That moves—so say the awed believers in the art—through all the being, causing terrible pains: "miseries in de back," "soreness in de bone."

Locks of hair, or bits of garments, or trinkets often worn, are gathered up by these workers in mysteries, and are used as "leads" to "conjure-charms" which are destined to work evil to the quondam pos-

sessors of these bits of gear or apparel. Just as a pack of bloodhounds are put on the track of a fugitive from justice by the flaunting and scent of some garment worn by the pursued.

"But some folks," aunt Dicie says, "des takes en puts er conjure on dere own se'ves. Look at folks histin' er umberella in er house—dat gwine put a turrible spell in dat house, caze er umberella's made fer bad spells, it is, en 'tain't made ter shelter us fum de house-top no how. I done al'as heard: 'De witches 'll ride on er umberella histed indo's.' Lo'd, some folks does talk 'bout witches des ez perfect ez ef dee b'lieved hit all.

"But hit's er sho fac', hit is, dat some folks is witcher-men, en some is witcher-women. Now dese folks whar yer see gwine 'roun' about ter gether ripe fruit at night-time, pomegranites en apples en sech, dee's mighty apt ter be witcher-folks. Caze ev'y body what's got any 'ligion knows dat pickin' fruit atter dark 'll make de bearin' trees die er dry-rot. Hit's mighty apt ter be er witcher-folk what'll do dat. But 'tain't s'hard ter keep dese witches out uv er house ef yer des be de mo'es' keerful. Now ef yer put er Testament under yer pillar when yer be ready fer sleepin' den de witches won't pester wid yer dreamin'. Dat's er sho truf, caze I done hed 'sperience er dat, I is. Ef yer bang up some strings er red peppers side de do' facin', de witches mo' 'n apt ter stay outside, dee don't like sharpness er no sort, dee don't.

"Ef yer hang up a horse-shoe 'g'inst de do' dee ruther not pass dat also.

"I knowed one ole 'oman oncet"—Dicie speaks low, overcome by weight of the recollection, "whar wuz 'bleeged to git in bed wid her knittin'-needles ev'y night, fer ter ke'p off er bad dream whar kep' er hauntin' her. I knowed er gal like 'ise whar couldn't git no rest 'dout her cotton-cards wuz crost o'er the head uv her sleepin' place,—'dout dat de witches 'ud ride her a'mos' ter deaf 'fo' mornin'. My ole man useter tell me also how de witches tuck ter hauntin him, en dee haunt him hard. He say one night er ole witch tuck en sot herse'f squar' on he breas', en tuck hole he two thumbs like dee wuz er pair uv reins, en he say he didn't ha' no knife, en he didn't ha' nothin' sharp about him.

"He say she rid s' hard, she did, dat he s'pose he'd ha' ter git er co'n-hacker or er pair er sickles, or some'at like dat fer ter druve her offen him. But midst er de night he couldn't lay hand on nothin' sharp, he couldn't lif' hese'f also while she be ridin' him; he say, he tell me, he des up en cussed survigusly, he did—en she, she up en flew; she wa'n't s'please wid de sharpness uv he tongue. She jumped offen him, en drap he thumbs, en she ne'er did come ter pester him no mo'.

"Witches dee comes also ter ride hosses. Dee strides de hosses' necks, en dee ties up dere manes fer stirrups, en de scoots o'er de country uv night-times.

"Yer cyarn spy 'em on de go, but when yer see dem hosses in de stall nex' mornin' yer gwine see 'm wo' clean out, en yer gwine like 'ise fin' dere manes all er tangle. Dat how come hit be sech bad luck fer ter walk th'oo de sand whar er hoss done waller, coze he mo' 'n apt ter be walkin' dere fer rub off de bad sperrits whar 's been on him. Don't mind, yer be er walkin' th'oo er hoss-waller, yer pick up de witch on ter you.

"Dee travels much on dogs, witches does.

"Er ole 'oman lived on de Midway Place oncet, des fo' miles fum us all; she wuz er witcher 'oman, en she hed er ole brindle dog whar she uset ter ride uv Friday nights. Dee say time ev'y body be in dere beds yer could hear her sayin': 'Wh-ew—wh-ew—wh-ew!' Dat way she call up her dog, den she mount him, en she scour de country. Ef yer done made her mad in day time she gwine pester wid yer dreamin' at night, she gwine git yer head ter feelin' all weewow, she gwine ride yer, en drive yer by de thumbs. Come daylight nighin' folks say yer could hear her ag'in:

" 'Whew—wh-ew, wh-ew, whew!'

"Dat way she call up her brindle dog ag'in, en de two scoots out ter make hit home 'fo' day come light en broad."

Such stories of the weird night come very readily to aunt Dicie's tongue:

"Dar wuz ole aunt Big Ann"—she is warming to her subject, "er tellin' em t' other day ez how er ole man useter come ter her house ev'y night jus' er hour 'fo' late moonrise; he wuz one er dese heah witches, en sometime he come er cat, en den he'd raise sech a roockus ketchen' rats terel nobody couldn't sleep. Den he'd come er bear,

en he'd kill er sheep; den he come ag'in one er dese heah ole stray dogs, en he'd turn o'er de bread-tray, or kill er chicken, or some'at like dat.

"Aunt Big Ann say she knowed him; she say she knowed de skin uv him, en she know he be de same man whether he stray dog, whether he be loose cat, whether he be brown bear, she knowed him. An' aunt Big Ann say she learn er one sho way ter ketch him. She des tuck er tea-cup a mustard seeds, she did, en she des pour dem seeds on de do' step, en den she goed ter bed des ez unsuspectin' like.

"She waked up at daylight, en dar, time ole day 'gun ter whiten up de sky, she seed dat witcher-man des er settin' on her do'-step er countin' dem seeds. He hed des got 'bout harf of 'em counted. He couldn't no ways pass o'er de do'-facin' 'dout he count all dem mustard seeds.

"Dat be er good trap, it be, fer ter set fer dem bad spirits.

"Dat same way witcher-folks cyarn no ways step o'er er broom 'dout de count all de straws in de brush. Also de hatter count en name all de holes in er sifter ere dee can pass o'er ainy do'-facin' whar some one done set er sifter.

"O'er yant ter de Midway Place de witches wuz survigus 'fo' de war. Dee kep' up sech er roockus en er racket dat peaceable folks didn't ha' no kinder easefulness. Dar wuz one man dar what ma'y'd gal, no suspicion-in' dat she wuz out en wo' 'n pusson; but 'fo' he been ma'y'd many days he 'gin ter fin' her stuffin' her natchal skin uv nights wid er broom-stick en er settin' out in sperrit, en er trampin' roun' der e'er late moon-rise. One time while she were outen her own skin she turnt herse'f inter er night-mare; en her ole man he took en filt her natchal skin wid red peppers en salt. When she come neighin' home des 'fo' daylight she couldn't no ways git ter be herse'f ag'in, her skin be dat hot ter burn her. She say: 'Ouch! ouch! ouch!'

"She be dat mad she take en fling her natchal skin in de fire, en den dar she be, er night-mare yit. De folks tell me dat de man des hitch her up ter de buggy en druve her ter de fur swamp, en dee say, dee tells me, dat he shot her dar, en lef her dar.

"Oh, dee tells some survigus tales, dee does, 'bout dat Midway Place.





## THE NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

BY EDWARD DWIGHT WALKER.

THE most curious of the many musical instruments in the museum at Franklin Square, Boston, attached to the greatest musical institution in this country, is a whistle evidently constructed from the tail of a pig. Its golden oleaginous coil meekly reposes among the most treasured of musical mementos, tied with a neat bow of blue ribbon, and a card labels it: "I could a tale unfold."

Thirty-six years ago, a young piano teacher of Rhode Island, still in his teens, directed his intense enthusiasm for music into the founding of an American musical university. The small Providence institution which first contained his idea developed rapidly; but the energy of his conception grew beyond the appreciation of any one, and was ridiculed as an impossible chimera. At one of the trustee meetings he unfolded vividly his plan for a vast conservatory which would draw together students in music and other arts, and give such

an education as could not be obtained outside of Europe. He was certain that the adoption of his system would gather at once five hundred students a year.

The president tried to cool his ardor by saying: "I have great respect for Professor Tourjée's talent, but he can no more build a conservatory on that plan than make a whistle out of a pig's tail."

The young enthusiast deferentially remained silent and withdrew. He went at once to a butcher and bought the spinal extremity of the largest porker obtainable, and fashioned from it, as he says, "*a screecher*." At the next opportunity he handed the "impossibility" to the president, with the words: "You see I have made the whistle; I shall also make the conservatory."

Persistently he pushed his darling project, sacrificing everything for the work that was to him a crusade. He studied the great musical schools of Europe, selecting from Paris, London, Leipsic, Dresden, Stuttgart,

Berlin, and Milan the features best adapted for an American conservatory. He kept enlarging his materials for success, and inspiring others with his own convictions, until in 1867 the New England Conservatory of Music was established. It has rapidly become the largest musical school in the world. The number of students who have enjoyed its advantages now exceed fifty thousand, and its annual roll numbers nearly twenty-three hundred.

The phenomenal success of this enormous college is the embodiment of the genius of Dr. Tourjée. Combined with a passionate devotion to the cause of music, he has a marvelous executive skill and an invincible determination to establish the ideal of a musical university,—one whose breadth shall be commensurate with the needs of this country, a musical Mecca as much larger than the European conservatories as America is larger than France or Germany. Music with him is a religion. As he says: "All the churches and philosophies and schools are aiming to purify and strengthen character, to enrich the fountains of the heart; and when that is accomplished the kingdom of heaven will be here. Now, music, the universal language, is the language of the heart, and through the noblest music we make a short cut to the regeneration of the race. It is also the harmonizer of the faculties and the mother of true culture. Therefore a musical college is an immense instrument in the exalting of mankind." This is the secret of Dr. Tourjée's life work, and it is a mission of enviable grandeur and beauty.

The gospel of music has the advantage over other preachings of being always welcome and of carrying its messages unnoticed into the soul's inmost chambers. It is like nature's subtle teaching. The inspirations and revelations that steal softly upon us from the landscape and ocean, or that over-

whelm us in the majesty of mountain or storm, are not more potent than the mystic runes of music. Even when the speech of the woods and hills has become trite, and the mind is cased in bitterness, a simple song, a strain of melody, touches the heart with a magic balm and makes life sweet again. What vistas of glory are opened by a dream of Schubert or of Beethoven! How many lofty purposes have sprung from those apostles of the universal religion, the great composers! Can any one feast on the ethereal banquet of music without being more refined? The greatest of the arts born of Christianity is modern music. The magnificent creations of harmony that have sprung from its exalted atmosphere have

displaced the weird minor unnaturalness of all heathen melody with the golden major chords of Christendom, from whose sunbeam timbers are built our cathedrals of symphony, the modern fields Elysian, and all the infinity of broader thought and emotion and life. In return music has become the royal portal to the truest religion,—that which is undogmatic, and whose communion embraces every creed.

The completest educational system of any

age—that of the Greeks—drew an important element of its symmetry from music. It can not be doubted that their grace and culture were largely developed from their unparalleled devotion to music. What would their strength have been if they had known our fathomless oceans of harmonies instead of their thin rills of melody? Would not that have made them vanquish the all-conquering Romans?

The unifying qualities of music are an essential need in harmonizing the rapid growth of our country. It is only by ingrafting musical culture upon the educational progress of America that the permanence and strength of her stupendous vitality can be ensured. Madame de Staël calls



EBEN TOURJÉE, MUS. DOC.

(Director of the New England Conservatory.)



CARL FAELTEN.  
(Professor of Piano.)

architecture "frozen music." As truly may painting be named "color music," and nature, "God's music": for music is the "open sesame" to all beauty and nobility.

The gentle ministry of the soul-nurturing harmonies of true music is a mighty force toward the stability of governments and the progress of all good. Nervousness is the bane of civilization generally, and especially of America. Is not Music the royal enchantress who dispels that incubus, distilling into her magic potions the essences of great nature's panaceas,—rest and sleep?

That music is a prime agent in civilization is one of Dr. Tourjée's favorite maxims. Twenty years ago he was in the Maine woods with Mr. Megata, the Japanese commissioner. In their conversation Dr. Tourjée said: "You are introducing Western schools and studies into your empire. But there is one essential you are neglecting,

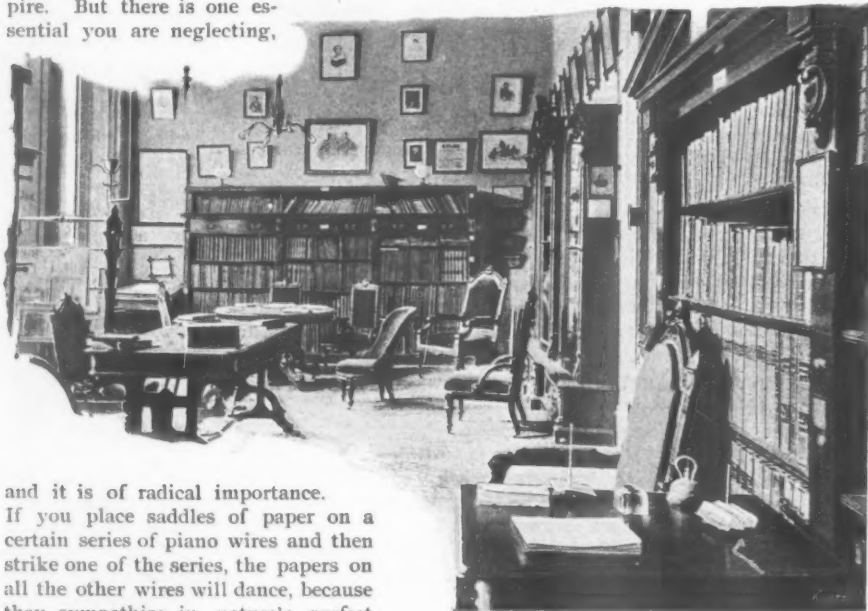
not occur, for your strings are not arranged truly. Now, you can never get the full advantage of our education until you adopt also our music, and *you never can be civilized* by the standard of Christendom until you adopt also our system of notation. That pursued thoroughly in your schools will in ten years make another nation of you."

The commissioner was deeply interested. "But," he said, "we can not abandon the musical instruments we have used for centuries. Can not they be restrung?"

"Yes, the makers can rearrange them in the true scale, and adapt them to our music, without injuring their use for your own."

Many of the instruments of Japan were sent to Dr. Tourjée, and their scales were made over. Charts of these instruments may be seen in the museum of the Conservatory, showing the original heathen and the converted Christian scales. At this moment Japan is teaching this regenerated music in thirty thousand schools and universities, and the Christianizing of Japan is enormously aided by Christian music.

Last year the result of that reformation was seen at the Conservatory in the arrival there of the first pupil from Japan,—a brill-



IN THE LIBRARY.

and it is of radical importance. If you place saddles of paper on a certain series of piano wires and then strike one of the series, the papers on all the other wires will dance, because they sympathize in nature's perfect scale. On your instruments that will



MUSIC STORE AND OFFICES.

iant young lady sent by the Empress, in order that her musical studies in her native land might be completed by a thorough mastery of the music of the West. The missionary utility of music, in aiding the spread of Christianity, is one of the germinal ideas of the Conservatory.

All these noble offices of music are the impulse behind the New England Conservatory. There can be no doubt that Dr. Tourjée has a wonderful genius for organizing and directing such a colossal enterprise. Though it has profited by the examples of European conservatories, it is largely original in its conception, and its scope widens year by year. The conservatory system of musical instruction was first introduced into this country by Dr. Tourjée in 1853, in a Rhode Island institution, which was chartered in 1859, and which soon developed into the Providence Conservatory of Music. To secure better advantages, it was removed to Boston in 1867. Seven rooms in the top of the Music Hall constituted its first headquarters. They were small and inconvenient, but the best available teachers,

native and foreign, were secured. Such men as Robert Goldbeck the composer, William Mason the pianist, and Carl Zerrahn the conductor, were associated with it. In 1870 the New England Conservatory of Music was incorporated by the Legislature of Massachusetts. The most approved methods were followed. It was little wonder that the school soon overflowed the "sky parlors," and grew from seven to twenty rooms, until not an inch of space was left in the building. At this time, when larger accommodations were imperative, the St. James Hotel on Franklin Square was thrown upon the market. It was purchased by the corporation for four hundred thousand dollars, and transformed into the present home of the Conservatory. Its position in the very heart of the musi-



EMIL MAHR.

(Professor of Violin.)



PROF. PETERSILEA'S CLASS-ROOM.

cal center of this country gave it exceptional advantages, and the plans of the founder were given sufficient compass for execution. Even that enormous capacity, with its labyrinth of rooms, has now become too small. An extension of two adjoining houses has been added. Many of the pupils are obliged to room and board outside, and as the roll increases it will be necessary to absorb all the adjacent buildings. Dr. Tourjée has petitioned the State to relieve the institution of the debt acquired by the purchase of its

homestead. When that is done its only burden will be removed, and the old graveyard in the rear may give space for still larger growth.

There is an infectious atmosphere of musical eagerness in the New England Conservatory, a spirit of artistic rivalry, such as only an army of earnest teachers and zealous stu-

dents can form. The small classes overcome the reserve of numbers, and give each pupil the benefit of the others' instruction on the well-tested conservatory plan.

The expense of a year's study in the Conservatory need not exceed four hundred dollars; and it is possible to take one hundred and twenty-five music lessons for fifteen dollars. While music is the one great study, it is balanced by its sister arts, so that the dangerous exclusiveness of an education simply musical may be rounded into a well-balanced symmetry. Beside schools for voice, piano, organ, violin, and other instruments, with their attendant branches of harmony, composition, tuning, etc., there are departments of literature and languages, elocution, painting, and sculpture, wood-carving, embroidery, and physical training. In all these provinces the leading instructors are the most eminent obtainable.

We can best complete our acquaintance with this institution by a brief tour through it. But the visitor must not shrink at feminine numbers, for eighty-five per cent. of over two thousand pupils are young ladies, and five hundred of them live here. It is a little world, complete in itself.



CARLYLE PETERSILEA.

(Professor of Piano Analysis.)

As we enter the main hall there is a low hum of maiden voices in the reception-rooms and along the marble corridors. Immediately you catch the musical feeling of the great establishment. On every face there is the impress of happy and earnest emulation for the treasures of the Muses. Here and there are professors chatting with their pupils on the way to and from class-rooms. It is morning, and the clock points to eleven. Every one is hastening to an appointment, in class, or lecture, or gymnasium, or practice, and you fancy yourself in a huge human beehive. There is a crowd just before us at the general bulletin, to see what lecture is coming, or who are the artists for the next *soirée*. Glancing over their heads you see a dozen interesting announcements.

But come past them and beyond the music store, to the group of offices. The teachers' sliding bulletin is near you, with its hundreds of appointments for classes and professors, and the tide flows in front of it. There is Dr. Tourjée, on the other side of the post-office, entering his room. He is talking quietly to one of the professors, and

his face lights up genially. A dozen others in as many minutes have their interviews. It is a large and difficult family, and he is a wise father to them all.

He has made a musical home in which every one works smoothly, and with the securest protection to the rights of each. Musicians are proverbially sensitive, and the Doctor is a master of *human* harmony as well as instrumental. It is a busy time. We will ask for the guidance of his assistant, Prof. E. D. Hale, the superintendent, who inspects the entire institution as well as teaches several of its branches.

We are conducted past the Doctor's room, where a young lady is being examined for entrance, into a piano class-room just beginning its hour's lesson. There are four



AUGUSTO ROTOLI.  
(Professor of Voice.)



PROF. ROTOLI'S CLASS-ROOM.



GEORGE E. WHITING.  
(Lecturer on Organ.)

She begins, and he stops her for another correction and she tries it over again. So her lesson progresses for a quarter of an hour; and the others are all attention, profiting by her instruction. The second, third, and fourth will do the same, each taking the lessons of the others as well as her own. But one will suffice for us.

The hall is vacant now. Every one is in classes or studying. Pianos sound in all directions; three hundred of them, the superintendent says, and of many kinds. Below you hear organs vibrating, and you can detect voices, a cornet, violins, flutes, and even a mandolin in the general *mélée* of embryonic artists. If you were in the presence of all this mad confusion, it would be a Babel; but it is softened by the many walls, and no one cares for what any one else is doing. One of the professors has a patent attachment, which will soon be fixed to the pianos, separating the keyboard from the strings, so that much of the monotonous practicing can be done soundlessly.

Here you enter Sleeper Hall, the recital and lecture-room of the Conservatory. This is the arena where many an anxious young artist passes the ordeal, and where many a triumph has been won. Every student, before graduating, must give an entire recital here before professors, students, and other

pupils, one at the piano, and the professor sits behind the player. She is somewhat confused, but goes through the piece she has been studying. The professor asks her to play it again slowly, emphasizing the air and softening the accompaniment.



AN ORGAN LESSON.

critics to gain a diploma. The thoroughness of the course may be judged from the following specimen recital, for a piano student:

- a. Sonate in E-minor, op. 90. . . . . *Beethoven.*
- b. Scherzo in E-flat minor, op. 4. . . . . *Brahms.*
- c. Waldesräuschen, Étude. . . . . *Liszt.*
- d. Étude in C-sharp minor, op. 10, No. 4. *Chopin.*
- e. Phantasiestücke in D-minor, op. 6, No. 3. *Nicodé.*
- f. Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 2. . . . . *Liszt.*

A corresponding programme is required on the organ or violin before graduation. Besides the three-manual organ in Sleeper Hall, there are four other pipe organs and nine reed organs with three manuals and pedals for practice. The small size of Sleeper Hall (seating five hundred and fifty) makes necessary a commodious concert-hall, which is to be erected adjoining the Conservatory.

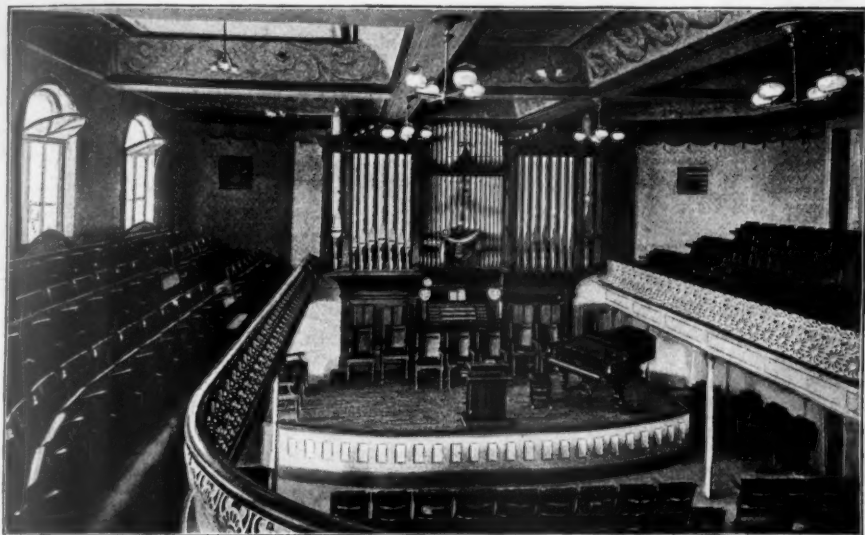
Looking out into the rear enclosure, you will notice a windowless house. In that quietly slumbers the great Music Hall organ, which has been purchased for the Conservatory. It stands in readiness for the coming hall; and when it is rebuilt, with its five manuals, it will be the largest and most complete organ in the world.

Continuing our way upstairs, we hear the patient strumming of piano-strings like the first beginnings of musical order from chaos. And so it is; for these are the twenty rooms where the science of tuning is taught.

Enter, and you see the skeletons of many pianos pathetically nude, to show their construction. The actions of all sorts of pianos are here exhibited. Besides the scores of instruments here to torture in the acquisition of his art, the student has access



GEORGE W. CHADWICK.  
(Professor of Harmony.)



SLEEPER HALL.

to a large piano-manufactory in Boston, whose superintendent is one of the managers of this tuning department. There are rare facilities for the learning of organ-tuning as well. One of the curiosities of the place, to a stranger, is an organ built especially to illustrate the construction and tuning of organs. It contains every possible variety of pipe and reed, and is open in all parts to easy inspection. Every organ graduate is compelled to be a master of organ-tuning.

This department is a Yankee appendage to the conservatory idea, and is peculiarly successful. Its graduates invariably find lucrative positions, as they are thoroughly well equipped. The principal in charge, Prof. Frank W. Hale, says: "There are seventy-five thousand pianos made in this country every year. Three hundred are as many as an average tuner can manage, so that two hundred and fifty tuners are needed to keep them in order. We graduate less than fifty a year, and they are in constant demand." These piano-physicians are an important corps of the missionary army of music, for they mend and harmonize jarred nerves as well as discordant wires; and the training of the ear to the fine discrimination of sounds is an accomplishment too frequently lacking in musicians. It also offers a new field of work for women.

Descending to the lower floor we come upon the group of organs, in snug practice-rooms, whose vibrant harmonies make a fitting foundation for the hundreds of lesser instruments above. And here rumbles away the basal diapason of this musical coliseum—the huge engine that pulses heat and electricity and light and action in a vast network through the whole establishment. Passing by the laundry and kitchen and the *café*, we enter the art room. Scores of ladies and girls are drawing from models and still life. Painting classes are in another section, and Principal Apollonj, and his genial compatriot, Signor Juglaris, with their assistants, instill the Italian enthusiasm for art study. The modeling and sculpture room, and the departments for wood-carving and embroidery, are upstairs.

The printing-house of the Conservatory is near with several presses. Here *The Musical Herald*, the monthly magazine of the Conservatory, is published. It is edited by several of the professors, and is an interesting bulletin of musical information.

Having completed our circuit of the basement, we mount to the main floor, and find, adjoining the private parlors, an attractive chamber of musical curios. It includes one hundred and fifty instruments and models, including some very ancient ones, and a



CHARLES E. TINNEY.  
(Professor of Voice.)

large number of rare books, MSS., charts, etc., representing the music of many countries. These specimens are particularly valuable in the study of the history of music, and are the nucleus of a musical museum. Here are the spinet (or harpsichord) of two centuries ago, the

cithara of Miriam's time, a Chinese fiddle and flute, with the instruments of Egypt and all the East. Conspicuous on the walls are several instruments, which are the memorable relics of the Christianizing of Japanese music, and were presented to Dr. Tourjée by the Japanese Government.

In the left-hand corner of the illustration is a combined piano and organ, made in 1782. It originally belonged to the Princess Amelia, youngest daughter of George III. This was the first instrument that Jonas Chickering, founder of the famous Chickering piano house, worked upon, and first directed his genius toward the making of pianofortes. It was sent in a demolished condition to a cabinet-maker, John Gould, at Ipswich, N. H., with whom young Chickering, then nineteen years old,

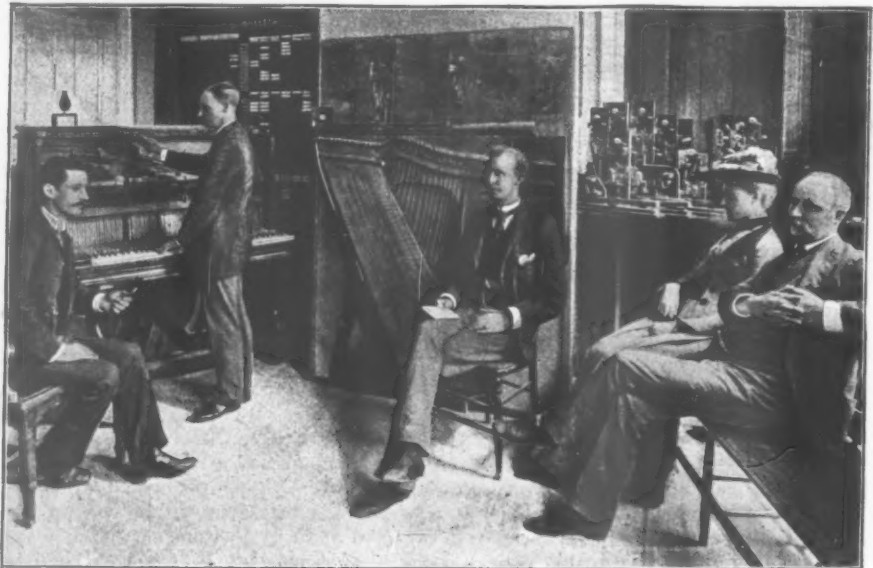
was serving his apprenticeship. Mr. Chickering, although he had never seen any instrument of the kind, restored it to usefulness. Its secrets opened the way to his brilliant career as a piano-maker, and led to his numerous improvements upon the piano. On the other side of the room stands a thin-voiced piano bearing the trade-mark, "Jonas Chickering, Boston, 1830." It is his first upright piano. There are many other musical curiosities here, not the least being the classic pig's tail in the show-case.

Across the hall is the elocution room under Principal Kelley, where poses of graceful attitude and vocal technique are taught by the aid of Greek drapery. Occasional dramatic exhibitions and Shakespearean nights add to the enthusiasm of the pupils and exhibit their accomplishments.

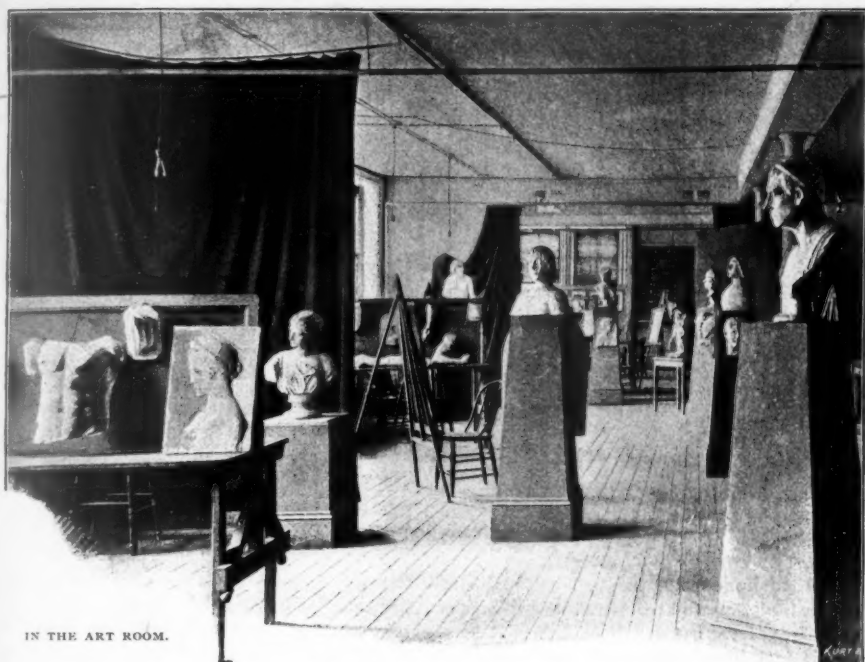
On the floor above is the gymnasium for the ladies, where daily



LOUIS C. ELSON.  
(Lecturer on Musical History.)



A TUNING LESSON.



IN THE ART ROOM.

exercise is required, and the modeling and sculpture rooms, with scores of lesson and practice rooms. Above are the four floors forbidden to masculine presence, containing the cloistered rooms where the lady students live in duos.

It is now noon, and the tide surges toward the dining-room. Bright-faced girls and young ladies with an occasional youth or professor lost in the crowd of feminine forms, are all bristling with the stimulus of musical interest, and the chatter of class-room lore is loath to be quieted by dinner. The superintendent asks us to join the professors' table, and we can conclude our initiation into this shrine of the musical mysteries by accompanying him. Five hundred students are eating here, and looking at their earnest countenances you gain some idea of the audience composing the regular weekly recitals, every Thursday. Beside these performances by the students there are many *soirées musicales* given by the professors and pupils and musical guests. Splendid programmes are rendered, several each week, and the most prominent artists of Boston and vicinity often appear in them. A total

of one hundred and twenty classical concerts are given in forty weeks in the Conservatory building. Beside these free advantages, the students have access to the Boston Symphony Concerts and other musical opportunities of the city, at nominal expense.

The corps of lecturers on the faculty includes several important Bostonians like the Shakespearean scholars, Prof. Wm. J. Rolfe and H. N. Hudson; George E. Whiting, the eminent organist; Dr. Joseph P. Duryea, and many others. Three hundred lectures on musical topics are delivered each year, beside a variety on miscellaneous themes.

The faculty numbers ninety professors and teachers, of many nationalities and methods. It represents forty specialties all germane to the central object, and comprises talent



TOMMASO JUGLARIS.

(Professor of Drawing and Painting.)



IN THE MUSEUM.

second to none even in Europe. Several of the most useful teachers are graduates of the Conservatory. Dr. Tourjée has a statesmanly tact in selecting and combining his leaders. A number of them have been taken from European institutions, tempted by the larger rewards of America. The most notable of these are the pianists Carl Faelten, from the Raff Conservatory, Frankfort, Louis Maas from Leipsic, and Otto Bendix, recently court pianist to the King of Denmark, the violinists Emil Mahr, a pupil of Joachim, formerly *chef* in the Henschel and Richter orchestras, Alfred de Séve, a pupil of Viouxtemps and Leonard, and formerly violinist to Queen Isabella of Spain; the vocalists Sig. Augusto Rotoli, from Rome, and Charles E. Tinney, a pupil of Garcia, from the Guildhall School of London, and vicar choral of St. Paul's Cathedral.



SAMUEL M. KELLEY.  
(Professor of Elocution.)

An advanced course in music is the College of Music, a corporate branch of Boston University, composed of the leading professors of

the Conservatory. This provides a post-graduate course for the higher study of music, leading, after two or three years of extra study and a searching examination, to the degree of Bachelor of Music, which may be followed by the doctorate.

The Conservatory is thoroughly democratic. Every State in the Union is represented among the students, as well as the Provinces of Canada, the West Indies, South America, England, Japan, Turkey, and the Sandwich Islands. Queen Kapulani visited the institution in 1887, and her enthusiastic interest in it led to the sending of several students from Hawaii.

Of the graduates only good is heard, and they rank beside those of European conservatories. The regret is that comparatively few students complete the entire course. There were only seventy-two graduates at the last commencement from two thousand three hundred pupils. It is this fact which has injured the reputation of the Conservatory among the indiscriminating public. For the scores of graduates there are thousands of students who have never graduated, and the imperfections of these are often unjustly associated with the institution. This lamentable condition is beyond remedy, for the students are generally of narrow means and unable to complete their course. The

great mass are teachers who have only their hard earnings to depend upon. They study for a year, then go back to teaching for further revenue, and return again when they can. After they have gone about half through the graduate course they are given a certificate entitling them to teach music.

The graduates are an honor to any institution. They find no difficulty in successful musical careers, and some of them are gathering laurels. Perhaps the best known of the graduates is Lillian Norton, who is now making a brilliant reputation for herself abroad.

Dr. Tourjée's idea includes a still more generous curriculum. This term he is adding two important new departures: a "Parliament," in which the rules of assembly conduct will be taught by lively debates and discussions; and a course of lectures on "Musical Theology." The latter is the heart of his entire system,—the teaching of the moral purpose contained in music, which is its chief end and its crowning glory, and which separates the true uses of music from the vulgar and degrading.

It would be easy to find defects in the New England Conservatory, as could be done in any institution so vast as this, and so brave a pioneer in the wild forests of musical education in America. The tendency of so many courses is to be superficial. Many girls go there for a smattering of culture. The standard of study at which certificates

for teaching are given ought to be higher.

So powerful and unique a musical university as this ought to give America the next best musical contribution, a really strong and great musical journal.

All good musicians deplore the absence of a broad magazine devoted to their interests, and independent of any school or publisher or manufacturer. *The Musical Herald* is a pleasing and excellent monthly for students and graduates of the Conservatory; but the musical magazine for this country is yet to be made, and would be of inestimable value to the institution fathering it. The crowded condition of the Conservatory demands an expansion of facilities—more dormitories, larger art equipments, and a new gymnasium, as well as the large hall which is asked for. With these, and the elevation of its certificate rank, it would be a power rivaling its neighbor in Cambridge.

But, as it stands, the Conservatory is a monumental institution. Without endowment and by the tremendous vigor of a grand purpose, it has pushed forward, till in its way, as popularizing musical culture, it leads the world.



WILLIAM J. ROLFE.  
(Lecturer on English Classics.)



REAR OF THE CONSERVATORY AT NIGHT.



IN the watch-house at Margineni, on Sylvester's Eve, the soldiers are sitting, smoking together and listening to the handsome Steria, who, with the characteristic wit of the Roumanians, is telling stories, to which at the same time he gives a dramatic force wherever possible. Miron Steria is tall and slender, with deep-set eyes, straight brows, a fine classic nose, almond-shaped nos-

trils, which continually dilate as he speaks, and give thereby an unusually comic expression to the repose of his lips as they utter the drollest stories.

Unnoticed by the others, a young officer has stationed himself in the doorway and is also listening. The New Year's night is doleful for him, left alone in the Convent of Margineni, whose columns in the wide passages look upon the white faces of many hundred prisoners, and re-echo the clanking of chains as they march down into the courtyard to the beautiful church, built for other purposes than the worship of thieves. The fire snaps and crackles in the large earthen stove, for outside it is freezing cold. A sudden change in the weather has put an end to the mild December days, bringing first a three-days'

\*Translated by JOHN ELIOT BOWEN.

snow-storm, and then twenty degrees of cold.

The officer did not come to mingle with the gay company, but hoped to hear something that would cheer even him.

"I believe you," shouted one of the soldiers; "Steria's a droll one! You know he has married the tavern!"

"That's nothing. The tavern! You ought to see the tavern-keeper!"

"What! The beautiful Floarea surely isn't your wife?"

The officer by the door drew himself together suddenly and let his cigarette fall.

"Yes, she is indeed my wife. She has already presented me with a youngster, and the second is coming soon."

"How did you win her?"

"Oh, quite simply: I just asked her if she would have me."

"But many had already asked her the same thing."

"Yes," cried another, "I know of one, surely, who is not so very far away, who would rather have had her than any one else, and would have given his epaulets to get the beautiful tavern-keeper."

Steria laughed. "If any one wants to win a maiden, he must be original. They all rage. They are all in love. That one there" (he pointed behind him) "made eyes like a hare, and she always laughed at him. But I was cold as ice. I scarcely turned my head for her, and so she always ran after me."

"Ha! ha! ha! and then you grabbed her behind you and held her fast!"

"That's it exactly."

The officer by the door had become so sallow that he looked almost black.

But no one noticed him, for he stood in the shadow, and they all had put their lanterns together, and were busy filling their glasses with liquor. The cold of the night outside and the warmth within set their young faces aglow. Then one raised his voice and sang:

"The tavern sign is hanging high  
For sunny people passing by.  
Stancutza with the eye-brows dark——"

"—Floarea with the eye-brows dark," the others put in.

"Makes hours go by without remark.  
Her wine is good, her measure big,  
So ever let the hero swig."

No one can pass, for stay she makes him  
Until the night there overtakes him.  
No one can pass her by; take heed!  
Who sees her once is lost indeed:  
He drinks his money up, the sot!  
Upon my word, and rues it not.  
If one with oxen four there come,  
He takes but two of them back home.  
And who comes riding up, alack!  
Takes his saddle on his back,  
And wanders forth; who comes on foot  
Drinks up his coat, and vest to boot.  
If Stancutza's——"

"—Floarea's!"

"wine but fills him there,  
He goes away all stript and bare!"

"Hey, Steria! You bet, Steria!"

"Now, it is really not so bad as that. One isn't compelled to enter, you know."

"No; naturally not. One merely hangs out the sign, 'wine-room,' and then they all come, and if they see the beautiful bar-maid—aren't you the least bit jealous, Steria, now that you are a soldier? Many people come there, you know."

"No, for I have warned her," Steria answered at once, quite in earnest.

"A beating would follow, and justly, would it not, Steria?"

"No; not a beating, but death."

A cold shiver ran through the small circle, as though the door had flown open and the January wind had blown in. They looked nervously about, saw the officer standing, and nudged each other. Steria, also, slowly turned his head, and there passed from one man to the other a glance like a dagger thrust. Then the officer vanished.

Soon after, the company broke up. Steria was on duty.

"One could freeze to-night," said he, buckling on his knapsack.

"That were worth while for a couple of fellows there inside, whom one would rather send to the dogs than watch and guard like so many jewels!"

"Just let them stand on watch once till they are frozen stiff as sugar-babies. It would be a pleasant death."

"It hasn't been tried yet," said Steria, and at once shut his mouth in the freezing air into which he passed out. He quickly slid into the fur cloak of the guard whom he relieved, which had not, however, availed to keep him warm.

"There's good drink inside," Steria whispered to him; "but even with that one can't



"SHE SAT DOWN AT ONE OF THE TABLES, AND IN THE DIM LIGHT OF A SINGLE CANDLE BEGAN TO COUNT HER MONEY."

stand still too long," he said, while his breath, like thick smoke, froze to his beard.

The convent clock of Margineni rang out the midnight hour on the frozen world. The New Year was rung in: a sad New Year for the prisoners inside, to whom the year brought no release; a happy New Year for those of the guard outside, who would be free of service, and could go home.

Whether it was the conversation, or the look of the officer, or the raging cold, Steria suddenly felt his heart grow heavy, as though some misfortune had come upon

his Floarea, as though he should

never see her again, should never again hold her in his arms. An unutterable anxiety so weighed upon his breast that he could no longer tramp back and forth, but stood still as though benumbed. He had never felt such a pain before. It was as if he had lost her.

Slowly he came to himself again, and noticed that his hands and feet were without feeling. He stamped up and down, and

tried to clap his hands together. But he could not do that, or he would have dropped his gun. Terrified, he began to blow upon them, but his breath was like ice. At last he heard the relief approaching, and he called out; but with deaf ear the sergeant passed by, as though Steria were not there. The officer was whispering an order to him, and the sergeant was listening. Steria shouted louder. The footfalls, grating on the snow, were lost around the corner of the building. Then they finished the round and came back again.

"My hands are freezing! Take me along!" shouted Steria. "You have forgotten me."

"I dare not," came back the answer through the night. "I have orders to let you remain," and on they went.

Steria stood as if turned to marble. Did they want to kill him? He thought again of the conversation that was overheard, of the hate-laden glance, of his beautiful Floarea; and the spirit that beat within him kept him warm for a few moments. But then the cold became fiercer: a sharp wind had come up that cut like a knife. He had taken his gun in his arms, as it had fallen from his hands. He thought: "If any one now should escape, I could never shoot."

When at last the relief came again, they had to take his gun; they rubbed his lifeless hands with snow, and gave him liquor; but he fell into a heavy sleep, and when he awoke and saw that his hands would always be lifeless, tears started to his eyes.

They took him to the hospital, where the wretched hands became black, formless lumps, through which the fleshless bones soon stared forth, until flesh and bones and all fell off, and only stumps were left.

The look of doubt in Steria's dark eyes, the close-pressed lips, told more than a flood of complaint.

The young officer was very uneasy, for if they should tell the story, he would receive a severe punishment. But Steria continued silent and did not complain. His comrades wanted to get up a letter for him, but he declined.

"That won't give me back my hands again," he said.

Healed of his wounds, discharged from the army as disabled, he turned his steps toward home, heavy at heart.

How would his beautiful Floarea receive

him, when she saw him in this condition? Among the common people there is an unspeakable aversion toward the unbeautiful, the maimed, and in war many a one would rather die than let his arm or leg be taken off.

He hid himself in the woods and fields until the evening was come, the luminous evening of the Roumanian spring, with its wild warbling of birds and fluttering of wings against the glowing heaven, when all the air seems laden with strongest odors, when the flowers crowd one another, and the meadows look like heaven, wide-spread with forget-me-nots. Finally the last bird was silent, the night with its forget-me-nots in the sky was fallen over all with its measureless gulfs, and Steria stole around his house like a thief. His heart beat as though it would burst. He had never in his life known what it was to fear, but now he felt a fear.

Slowly and softly he crept up to the threshold of the open door, and stood leaning against the door-post watching his beautiful young wife, as with small hands and nimble feet she busily cleared and arranged the public room. Then she sat down at one of the tables, and in the dim light of a single candle began to count her money.

Her long eyelashes threw a broad shadow on her cheeks, upon which a satisfied expression played, while her fine brows contracted in her trouble at counting. It was all done with her fingers, as though they were playing the piano with great rapidity. Her lips moved like the lips of young children who are learning a lesson, and at times she thoughtfully and dreamily rested her head upon her hand. Then the small coins began to clink again.

"Floarea!" sounded suddenly out of the dark.

With a shriek she flew to the loft, so that a part of the money rolled to the ground, and holding both hands before the light, so that it cast a rosy-red shadow over her face, she leaned far out.

"Floarea!" it called again. Then she flew through the darkened room, and with the cry, "Miron!" she threw herself upon his neck in a tempest of joy. He threw his arms about her and would not let her go. Whenever she wanted to free herself to look upon him he pressed her to him, as though he

must enjoy his good fortune a second longer. She felt his heart beat as she lay on his breast, and when now she looked up she cried :

"But how pale you are ! You sent me word that you were quite well again, but you are still sick." And her beautiful shining eyes were wet with tears.

"I was so sick that it is a wonder that I still live. But I would come to you. My longing nursed me and healed me so far as it was possible. How is the little one ?"

"So big !" she pointed, though she felt herself still held tight in his arms. "Come, you shall see him asleep."

She wished to take his hand to lead him into the chamber, but he pressed her to him again.

"Floarea, my sweetheart, you can not take my hand, it is frozen off. My hands are gone !"

A groan—and then he felt himself pushed back ; Floarea reeled a few steps from him and fell senseless to the ground. With despair in his face he shoved one wrist under her neck and with the other rubbed her breast. He looked about for a drink, and with exceeding difficulty he placed the mouth of a brandy bottle at her lips. Finally she opened her eyes, and the horror that was revealed in them was to him like a knife-thrust. He hid his arms and bade her drink herself, that her lips might be red again.

"And you will always be so?" said these white lips. Tears came to Steria's eyes.

"Always," he said, and turned toward the darkness.

She looked at the arms with which he covered his eyes, and one shudder after another ran through her. She raised herself and rested on her elbows, and stared into vacancy with great, wide eyes that did not wink. But now he had recovered himself, and came to her and wished to help her rise. But she sprang from the ground and recoiled from him, repulsing him with both hands. Her teeth, meantime, chattered as in a chill.

"Don't come near me ! Don't come near me ! Leave me ! Leave me alone——"

With outstretched hands, with eyes staring as though parted from him by the law's decree, she stepped backward toward the chamber, opened the door behind,

vanished in the darkness, and locked herself in.

Steria stood as if petrified. Then he began to laugh loud and wild, and grasping the bottle on the ground with both arms, he took a long and deep drink. Then he cast himself upon a bench, his arms upon the table, his head upon his arms, and remained motionless, until a heavy sleep overcame him. He was still weak from the hospital and the operations. The single light burned down to the candlestick, and there it flickered and sputtered awhile, and threw caricatures of objects in shadow upon the wall ; then it went out.

The dim light of dawn was creeping over the clay floor and over Steria's handsome young head when he awoke. Disconsolate, he shrunk from himself, and felt as miserable and unhappy as one would feel at the gray light of morning if his life were shattered. But now he heard groans and a soft sobbing in the bedroom. He listened and bethought him what he should do ; not for long, however, for the bedroom door sprang open, and Floarea rushed past him. He called to her, but she did not turn her head. The door that led to the open air she hastily shook and burst open in a wild fury ; she plunged out and soon vanished in the dusky fields. He stood in the cold draught of the morning wind, his countenance an ashen gray, till a voice was raised inside, calling after its mother.

He entered, and the child's dark eyes, round with astonishment and with arched lashes, were raised to him, and its mouth quivered a little to one side.

"I am your father, child ; don't you know me?" Steria said at last.

"Mother ! Mother !" screamed the little one.

"Your mother is coming directly ! Go to sleep again ! I'll sing you something."

And he began softly one of those monotonous songs, full of unconscious sadness, with which, in the first days of his youthful happiness, he had often sung the child to sleep, rocking it in his arms, while the beaming eyes of the young mother were turned from her spindle to her loved one. But it came up so thick and hot in his throat that he broke abruptly off.

"Water ! I want some water !" said the child.



"THEN HE CAST HIMSELF UPON A BENCH AND REMAINED MOTIONLESS, UNTIL A HEAVY SLEEP OVERCAME HIM."

The father was on the point of reaching for the pitcher in the window, but he hid his arms, and said :

"There is no water there ; mother is bringing it."

Then he sat upon the bedside and began again to sing, till the big eyes closed and the long lashes lay tight upon the cheeks. Then he became still and sat, bent over, staring down at his arm stumps, while it grew light outside, and the early blackbirds sung their carols above the swaying wheat-fields, and the rising sun dipped all the walls in rosy, glowing light.

But an awakening spring for a man who is crushed is like a greeting of death. The pain in Steria's breast was so unendurable that great tears streamed slowly from his eyes, and he heaved great sighs. The rosy-red light poured over him so that his tears were like flowing drops of fire. He, the

strongest, handsomest fellow in the village, with every girl running after him when he went out to walk on Sundays ; he, who was called to every job because he could lift three times as much as any one else, sat on his child's bed, and was unable to hand it a drink of water.

The pillow still showed the impression of his young wife's head, before she fled past him—was it forever ?

The bitterness of this thought quenched the flow of tears. With his sleeve he wiped his eyes, and stood up and went into the kitchen, and waked the wench that was asleep there on the settle. She pushed the tangled locks of black hair from her eyes, and, as she perceived her master, she moaned aloud, so that the dogs outside began to howl. She swayed back and forth, struck her knees with her hands, and shrieked to the utmost of her power :

"Alas! alas! what has become of the hands, the strong hands, that were powerful for work? Alas! what is left of your strength? He will call upon his strength, and it will be a mockery to his useless arms! Alas! what has become of your hands? The ornament of the village is maimed and mutilated. The sun will make the cornfields yellow, and will ask: 'Where is he who loads the sheaves?' He must stand aside. Alas! what has become of your hands? The well will ask: 'Why do you lower no bucket?' and the water will show your picture without hands. Alas! what has become of your hands?"

It was like a death-moan, and the improvisation would have kept on still longer if Steria, angered because unable to shake her, had not approached her. Then she became quiet, and stared at him with her coal-black eyes.

"Now then, my hands were frozen off, and that's the truth," said he with perfect equanimity, as though it were too trivial a thing to be noticed. "It is nothing to make a fuss about. The child wants a drink. Don't shriek so as to wake the whole village with your death-moans over my hands, but bring some milk."

The sharp tone of this once so gay young man dumfounded her. Without a word of reply she did as she was bid, and dared not so much as ask after her mistress, as she saw her empty chamber. Likewise she remained dumb when Steria, with scowling brows, bade her hold the milk to his lips, and put a piece of bread into his mouth.

The child did not scream as it beheld its father's arms, but merely looked at them with great wonder, and asked:

"Did a gun do that? Will they grow out again soon?"

Many hours passed, in which Steria, to avoid prying questions, did not show himself at the threshold of the house. But his unrest increased every moment, till finally Floarea, pale and with clenched teeth, entered with a tiny babe in her arms, born prematurely, whose weak little voice was scarcely audible. Without a word as she came she laid the babe in its brother's crib. Then she went to her work and stood till far into the night behind her bar, from time to time nursing the child inside, as her duty, not her desire, was awakened toward the

poor little worm, whose lamp of life would soon burn out. The customers crowded in to-day especially, as the news of Steria's return home and of his misfortune had flown through the village, and every one wanted to see how the two, who had been so envied, bore their hard fate. But no one had the opportunity of seeing him, and the beautiful innkeeper was abstracted and uncommunicative.

Her energy and ability to work seemed to increase twofold from now on. But she showed no softening toward her husband. She kept her bedroom closed. He slept on the bench in the barroom, after he had passed the day in looking after the chickens and pigs.

Once, indeed, he smiled at the young puppies, that tumbled over one another. Then he began to stand in his doorway, and also to go to the field to oversee the work. The days were tedious and the nights a torment. The deep sleep of health after a hard day's work was gone; instead, glowing sparks of hate often seemed to course through his brain or shine before his eyes.

He sought in good earnest to re-establish himself in the home and in the heart of his wife. But she repulsed him with such an attitude of repugnance, treated him so like a castaway, like one unfit for human society, a beggar and starveling, that he came to believe that it would be easier to soften rock-crystal than this woman. His child, who was often present at such times, soon began to side with the mother, and to cry and scream if the father came near him.

When Steria saw that even vehement outbreaks made no impression on Floarea, that she regarded him merely as one unable to work, and no longer her husband and master, he buried himself in silence.

"You are not able to entertain the people any more," she said to him. "Formerly you were full of songs and stories."

"Perhaps I could still sing and tell my stories if I were happy—if Floarea were to love me again."

Then she went to her little boy and slammed the door.

The gossips strengthened her warmly in her stubbornness. "Stumps! Good God! Who could love a man with a pair of stumps?"

In the village every one had averted glances

for Steria, who, with his arms crossed, stood there looking at the people that crowded about him on Sundays. The corners of his mouth began to draw down with a bitter expression. His lips were generally tightly compressed. His only dissipation was brandy, in which he sought consolation more and more: and that did not make the scenes between himself and Floarea easier. She began to fear him and to hate him. To her it was as though he had committed a crime in losing his hands.

Four years had passed since that Sylvester's Eve in Margineni. There stood Steria with his arms crossed, as he always stood, overseeing the loading of the hay in the sweet-smelling meadow. There were not hands enough, for the horizon was growing darker every moment, and the lightning in the distance threatened like an evil glance. From all sides the clouds arose, black below, above like gray veils, and in front of them were those small white puffs that look so innocent and so often are full of hail. Between them the sun still pierced through above the busy haymakers.

"Lend a hand, Steria, we must hurry!" shouted a laughing maiden, whose face glowed like a rose under the kerchief that shielded it; and she reached him a pitchfork. He held out to her in silence his armstumps, and then crossed his arms again.

Horried, the maiden ran away, and the others reproached her for her forgetfulness. At that moment the sound of a galloping horse was heard, and three officers advanced across the field.

"Look at that pretty girl!" shouted one, and reined in his horse. Suddenly there strode out from behind the hay-cart a figure, before which the young officer grew pale. Steria stood there calm, crossed his arms composedly, and looked at him. It was hard on the first day at his new post to have to look his worst enemy in the eye. The officer put spurs to his horse, so that he sprang high in the air, and raced after his comrades.

"Who was it, Steria?" said a workman, laying his hand on Steria's shoulder, while he, like a statue, still gazed after the other. "If he's the one, what shall I do to him?"

"Nothing now," said Steria softly, and turned and went away.

Some days later he lay under an immense nut-tree and contemplated his revenge. Suddenly he recognized, quite near him, the voice of his enemy, who said:

"Still as ever the prettiest in the land! Yes, you have become far more beautiful; sorrow has perfected you as the storm perfects the roses."

"With you, however, I have nothing whatever to do," sounded Floarea's voice in reply. "I am altogether at a loss to understand how you dare speak to me."

"Am I Jack Frost? Did I bite his hands off?"

"You wanted to make me a widow——"

"Yes, that's what I wanted, my sweet Floarea, for it almost killed me that you were his."

"Revenge has done as much for you as sorrow has for me; you don't look like dying."

"No, Floarea, I could not die now, for I breathe life from you."

"Leave me! I hate you!"

"Oh! please hate me some more, so that I may see your eyes flash!"

"I have become very bad; no one cares for me any more."

"Poor child! No one cares for you! Is he bad to you? Does he torment you?"

A short pause.

"We get along together about as a cough does with pleurisy."

"The rascal! And you have to support him."

"Yes, I have to, for it is you that disabled him."

"I?—always I! You are to blame, since you took him to husband, and I then had to revenge myself on him. I wanted you at any price! I wanted to make you happy!"

"Instead of that you have brought misfortune upon me, which now hangs over my house and never lessens."

"What must I do to make your life happy? Say the word, and I'll pluck the stars from heaven for you."

Another pause. Steria held his breath.

"Lovely, sweet, poor Floarea! Forgive me, oh, pray forgive me! I sinned for love's sake. I was a long time imprisoned for it on bread and water; they came near shooting me. Floarea, I was very unlucky."

"Dog, thou liest!" hissed Steria, behind his tree.

"Imprisoned!" said Floarea, and her voice sounded soft.

"And there I always thought of you; otherwise I should have perished. Floarea! You can not be angry with me forever. The angels weep over sinners, and forgive!"

"I have wept tears enough through you. I have been very unhappy!"

A soft sob.

"Floarea, do not cry so! It tears my heart out! I am to be here for a long time, and I'll bring everything out right for you. I will be so fond of you that you will forget all your troubles, that you——"

That word died on his lips for, white as the angel of death, Steria stood before them. The young wife uttered a shriek and covered her face.

"Enough!" said he. "I am the master here, not you. March!"

With an arm-stump he pointed to the distance, and did not drop it till the young officer had slunk away.

"Floarea!" he turned himself then to her, "go home, before you become a strumpet!" He followed after her, as one drives a dog before him.

From that time on Floarea was in a state of continual dread. She noticed that Steria never took a drop now, and whenever he spoke it was in a tone that sent her heart into her mouth.

Scarcely ten days were past, when one day he stepped up to her at the bar. Over his arm hung a cloth, whose ends were tied tightly together.

"Take the pen and write," he ordered.

"I can't write evenly. I make mistakes."

"That's no matter. Write!"

With trembling fingers and much delay she reached for a piece of paper and a rusty pen.

"Write what I shall tell you."

"What are you going to do, Miron? You have a terrible look."

"I will do what I have waited for years to do. Write: 'This evening, after sunset, I shall be at the apple-tree, where the corn-field ends. Meet me there. I have something to say to you. Floarea.'"

"I won't write that!"

"If you don't write, I'll throw this cloth over your head and twist it with my arm-stump till your breath is gone. Write!"

"Miron! I will be fond of you from this

day forth! I will kiss your arms! I will serve you! Miron, be merciful!"

"Too late! Who was merciful with me?"

"Miron, you will do something brutal. I was not brutal."

"You were brutal in your prejudice and contempt. Write, or I'll kill you."

Finally the harmless words were written down. The address was added. Steria called the kitchen wench.

"Give this letter to some child," he ordered, and went out after her to see that she did not speak with the child, who, pleased with its message and the piece of money, hastened away.

Floarea leaned upon the bar. She was ready to die. Terror is like a shrapnel-shot, which first strikes one as with palsy and then tears the body in pieces. Her heart beat so that she heard it herself, and then it seemed to stand still for hours. She repented what she had written. Better had she strangled her; then were her trouble already past.

She saw with horror that the sun was setting. Never before had it gone down so quickly.

"Come now," said Steria. And, as she was about to beg again:

"Silence! It is useless!"

It was one of those dreamy evenings, such as settle down over the rich level of Roumania like a golden mantle. The unbounded corn-fields stood head high and veiled their gold in the pale stalks that were adorning themselves with feather tassels. The light breeze that followed the sunset fanned them softly. Along the horizon arose a purple mist in which the sun went down; the last cows had turned toward home; the last cart had been drawn by; utter loneliness spread itself over the earth.

Through this tranquil scene walked the two along, Steria first, Floarea following, without a sound. The young wife noticed how far behind the village lay, how deserted the road was. Then the corn rustled as Steria parted it and looked at her with the command in his eyes to follow.

So they approached the designated apple-tree. Scarcely had they reached there when three men with blackened faces crept out from the corn, grasped the young woman, and with cords bound her fast to the tree, so that she could stir neither hand nor foot.

At first she was almost crazy with terror. But when she started to resist and scream, three knives glanced before her, and Steria said :

"If you so much as make a sound, you will never draw another breath !"

"But, for God's sake, Miron, what will you do? Let me go! Let me to my children! Miron! kill me not, for then the children will have no one—the little, weak one! Miron, be good! I will love you again! Miron, you look so terrible! Kill me not! I see death in your eyes——"

"If you are still, as though you were not there, then you shall not die."

After these words Steria was silent, and the three men with him were also.

Suddenly they heard steps approaching in the distance. Floarea heard the corn rustle, but her heart beat so loud that she could not perceive whether the steps approached. She turned her eyes toward the setting sun, and prayed to God to send some one to rescue her. Then she saw the corn separate, and footsteps approached in her track.

"Floarea!" sounded a voice. "Floarea, are you here?"

She recognized the voice, and in her terror would have called out a word of warning to him in his danger, but Steria was already in front of her, and threateningly held his bare arm before her eyes. She shut them for a moment in her dismay and dread of death, but immediately forced them open again, to see her husband shaking his arms in the officer's face, and before he could defend himself he was set upon by the three men in disguise, who pierced him through with their daggers. They were too many for him, desperate as he was, and they slashed and cut him so that his blood was spattered over Floarea's clothing.

Steria had his arms folded, and looked now on her, now on his mortal enemy, whose head, arms, legs were cut off, whose whole body was a horrible mass of bloody wounds.

"Leave only the face as it is," ordered Steria. "And now put him together and leave him against the stone, so that from the distance he will appear to be alive."

The tree quivered and rustled, so fiercely did the young wife tremble. They carefully laid head and limbs and trunk together against a stone; the eyes gazed from their

sockets in a ghastly way; the white forehead and the teeth in the lower jaw as it hung down gleamed in the fast-falling darkness.

"In order that you may become accustomed to looking at what is loathsome, you shall now remain here. You can scream; but if ever it crosses your lips who did this, you are as good as dead. You see"—he pointed with his arm-stump to the body—"I have no hands, but have still arm and head enough to avenge myself. You forgot, my child, that the head and the heart were intact. Good-night."

Before she could utter a sound Steria had vanished; she heard the footsteps departing in different directions. Then she was alone. An icy shiver ran through her body as the moon arose and cast its ghost-like light upon the dead countenance. She tried to turn her glance away, but she had to stare incessantly; for it seemed as though the lips, the eyes, the arm, moved, and the lips were black against the white teeth. Many times she lost her senses, as in a faint or in sleep, but immediately she was again recalled to the present, and then the tree trembled and the leafage seemed to sigh.

"The tree has pity on me," thought Floarea.

The night seemed ever longer, the silence ever deeper. The moon made the staring dead eyes gleam. In her terror she would have screamed, but she said to herself that she must save her strength till people were awake to hear her cries.

At last, at last, a pale glow began to gather strength, and the moon began to fade. The dew fell heavily and wet everything with its glittering drops. It stood like drops of sweat on the dead man's forehead. Then, suddenly, in the branches above her, a bird awoke and raised a chirping trill. She looked up gratefully; but then she saw a black spot on the heaven, which fast grew larger till she plainly recognized that it was a vulture, which, in lazy circles, was lowering upon her. Soon a second one appeared, which circled about like the first one, and in the distance other dark spots appeared. The horizon now dipped itself in purple and gilded the feather tips of the birds of prey. Seized with a new horror, Floarea began to shake the tree, and she saw that the circles were at once higher and farther away.

At the same time, however, she felt that she dare not trust too much to her strength; that her swollen arms could no longer endure the tree-shaking. The disk of the sun now arose and turned to gold Floarea's tears as they fell down one at a time in heavy drops. But everything was still silent far and wide. She bethought herself that she had not heard the crowing of a single cock, and the frightful birds increased, and again came nearer. They seemed to have guessed that the tree was not dangerous, for suddenly one shot straight down and bore away a piece of the entrails. The others hesitated, for Floarea shrieked and once again shook the tree, but weaker, and with cutting pain.

It became hotter and hotter, and the birds, ever bolder, swooped down oftener.

It was long past midday when some peasants, who were resting in the shade, began to notice the flock of vultures. At the same time Floarea heard cow-bells and the monotonous playing of a shepherd lad on a Dutch flute. Then she tried to scream. But, to her horror, she was so parched for thirst that she could no longer bring forth a sound. The sweat of terror trickled from her brow. Here to be pecked at, and, still breathing, to be eaten by the loathsome birds—again her senses left her!

Suddenly she heard a distant rustle in the corn, and a careful step approached. She felt it must be a child, and tried to call. But she could only utter a hoarse groan. The steps stood still. In dread, her heart beat fast. Now they approached again; the corn parted and a youngster, with great, round black eyes, stared at the strange group, and then turned and fled away as if pursued.

Floarea cursed heaven, herself, her cruel husband. Tortured for thirst, with swollen arms, her body cut by the cords, she tried to close her eyes, so as no longer to see the work of the birds. But even that she could do no more; the lids were so dry that she could not shut them. Then there was another rustle. This time it was two lean and hungry dogs that looked like jackals, and wanted to divide the meal with the vultures.

It seemed to Floarea as though her temples opened and her brain flowed seething forth.

Then the steps of men were heard—at first a few, then more, and ever more; a great crowd of people seemed to draw near. A shout, a call, a conference; and when finally they loosed the cords, the young woman sank down in a death-like faint, from which she awoke, in the arms of her mother, many hours after. She remained many long months entirely speechless.

Steria, for the same length of time, had vanished from the neighborhood. The entire village was at its wits' end, but could discover nothing. Nevertheless, Steria was for a long time accused, then he was even arrested. He remained many months in prison, but they could get no confession from him. He simply showed his arms, always.

"Could I overcome any one, or bind one fast?"

When Floarea looked upon him for the first time, she was taken with a violent shiver, and tried to stammer his name. He was amazed.

"Can't she speak?" he asked of his mother-in-law.

"That is her first word since the fatal day," said she, and looked at Steria with a penetrating glance. "Who could possibly have done it?" she asked, with a prying look.

Steria shrugged his shoulders and gave no answer. For he who has to guard a secret in his weak-minded wife must be watchful and keen.

The life of the three people must have been a hell. Finally Steria vanished again, and nothing was ever heard of him afterward. But his beauty remained proverbial.

Floarea lived to be a little old woman; her dumb mouth became hard and small, and only opened from time to time to let forth a deep sigh. Her spouse was avenged, but far beyond his wish.

He wandered a beggar through the land. Before his evil eyes the people were afraid, and only his shrunken wrists placed them at ease, and touched their purses and hearts.

If any one in the village asks a maiden: "Is your sweetheart handsome?" the answer is always:

"Yes, indeed; but not so handsome as Steria."

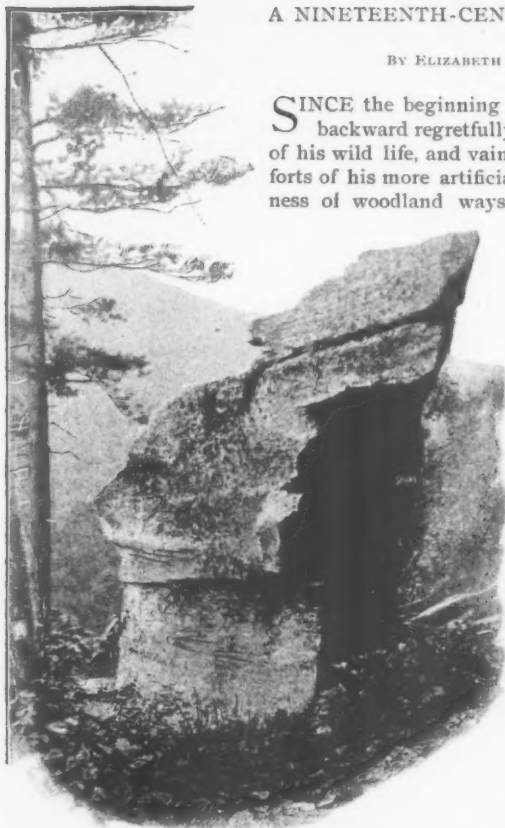


*Drawn by Arthur Jule Goodman.*

THE REVENGE.

## A NINETEENTH-CENTURY ARCADY.

BY ELIZABETH HISLAND.



AN ONTEORA MONUMENT, THE SPHINX.

SINCE the beginning of civilization has man been looking backward regretfully to the sylvan and unhampered joys of his wild life, and vainly attempting to reconcile the comforts of his more artificial existence with the healthful sweetness of woodland ways and days. The memories of his

arboreal æons when he swung happily in the tree-tops by his long-lost tail fill him at seasons with retrospective yearnings, which find their futile expression in the Sunday-school picnic, with its attendant ills of aggressive insects, and the camping expedition, from whose discomforts the camper returns enthusiastically to his warm bath and linen sheets, with a conviction that he has grown over-civilized for successful relapses into savagery. The struggle between these two instincts has evolved the legend of a Golden Age, in which comfort and simplicity, gentleness and freedom, were reconciled; and the far, lovely land in which the shepherd piped his flocks and yet wore clean linen was known by the name of Arcady.

After many fruitless experiments at modern revivals of such a community, something very near success has at last been achieved.

The Hudson had never been furrowed by a keel, and poured its

lonely and silent flood about a wooded and unpeopled island at its mouth, when certain adventurous braves of the Delaware tribe, finding the society of their squaws tedious, resolved upon a certain hunting and fishing expedition that was to carry them far afield and relieve their ennui by the novelty of travel and adventure. They journeyed from the head-waters of their own river north and east, and, trapping game and spearing fish as they went, found the country grow wilder and bolder until they stood at last upon a height from which stretched away limitless convolutions of purple mountains, fold on fold, softly clothed with balsamic forests, whose tops rimmed the blue of heavens, and were anchors for the drifting clouds. "Onteora!" they said softly, as they stood and gazed—"The hills of the sky."

The involuntary baptism clung, a fitting title for the airy forest Arcady in the Catskills which very nearly approaches the long-dreamed-of reconciliation of the pleasures of camping out with the comforts and conveniences the civilized citizen has accustomed himself to consider necessary. This summer resort, lying in the heart of the Catskill Mountains, is an experiment quite new in this country, and interesting as marking a fresh departure in both thought and practice from the ordinary standards of Americans.

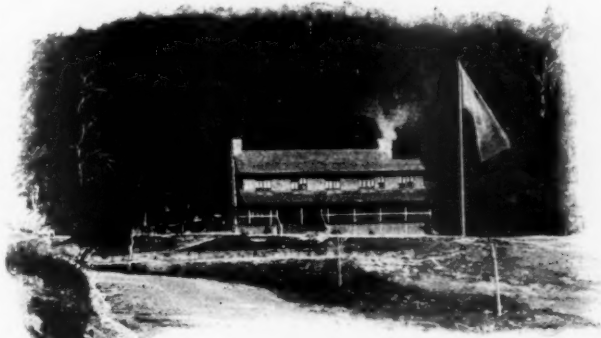
It is an effort, and so far a very successful one, to found a summer settlement where people of refinement and cultivation can get away from the vulgar rivalries of wealth and ostentation, which gradually spoil and sophisticate all the simple pleasures of life at the watering-places, and, having vulgarized them, as at Long Branch and Saratoga, leave them unfashionable and pass on, to gradually do the same injurious work at such charming resorts as Bar Harbor and Narragansett. Minds and bodies, worn out by the turmoil and conventionalities, the rivalries and struggles of life in New York and American cities generally, hungered for the solemn repose of forests, the changeless dignity and silence of quiet mountains; but camping out is not suited to children and delicate women; its hardships and inconveniences counterbalance its benefits; so out of these inconsistent needs Onteora was evolved.

A little branch grows out of the trunk of the Hud-

son River and Delaware Railroad at Phe-nicia, and wanders out into the hills—through the Stony Clove of a mountain halved by some sudden throe of nature—in search of any little stray villages that may be concealed there, holding possibilities of commerce in lumber. This branch pauses a moment at the tiny town of Tannersville, and from thence a road winds upward steeply through mountain meadows, until, at the height of some two thousand feet, one finds the embodiment of this happy compromise. Standing well to the front is a big log cabin with a steep-pitched, sweeping red roof, whose queer little swinging sign carries the picture of a pair of wild animals wandering sociably arm in arm by the light of the moon; this primitive-looking work of art intending to convey to the

traveler that this hospitable inn is known to the world at large as the "Bear and Fox." Another story has been added above the red roof, and above it again little flat dormer windows lift their heads, while at one side it has grown outward also in new wings to make space for yearly increase of guests. Within is a large, low-ceiled dining-room with canvas-covered walls, on which sojourning artists have left the proof of their brushes, —a pretty woman's head, a bit of woodland seen from the door in the rear, or a glimpse of the hills sketched upon the wall beside the window—much as the French painters adorn the walls of the inns at Barbizon. The plank floor is painted dark red, the little tables, when not in use, are covered with a spread of the common blue denim that

laborers make their overalls of, and each bears a glass filled with a handful of daisies and buttercups, or some other link in the season's unbroken chain of flowers. There are tall dressers for the china



THE "BEAR AND FOX" INN.

and glass, and a huge open fireplace of rough stone, where pungently aromatic green logs blaze on chilly evenings, and in warm weather is a bower of ferns and boughs. Above stairs are bedchambers furnished with the utmost simplicity, with furniture from a little local factory in a neighboring village, but neat, dainty, and inviting, each with a bath-tub as an important part of its movables, and with a very correct sentiment displayed in the softness and ease of its beds. This inn is the headquarters of the Onteora Club, and only members and their friends are admitted to its hospitality; the latter receiving, on recommendation, a green ticket, which admits them to a two-weeks' residence there; and there are three classes of members: honorary, those who are members by virtue of owning land in the Onteora settle-



"YARROW," THE COTTAGE OF MARY MAPES DODGE.

ment, and members who apply for admission with proper credentials, and are regularly proposed and voted on.

The entire place—some two thousand acres of mountain land—is owned by the Onteora Land Company, and controlled by the club, which sells building lots to applicants who are approved of; for the effort is to keep the members of the club within a class likely to be congenial, and so far the purchasers have been for the most part people distinguished in literature, art, music, or some one of the learned professions. Those who are followers of the Muses are, for the most part, not people of wealth, and they have been especially attracted by this unique summer resort, where the secret has been found of combining simplicity with comfort, and beauty with economy; for ugliness and extravagance are the two outlaws banished from this wood. Half a dozen artists and an architect or two are leading spirits in the club and land company, and under their direction the charming little cabins and cottages are erected with exquisite adaptation of rustic materials to beauty and usefulness.

Buying and building at Onteora means nothing resembling the usual method of digging, blasting, draining, and grading, and a painful memory of Queen Anne, surrounded by shaven lawns and ribbon gardening as a result.

The stray littérateur in search of a forest home enters into negotiations which leave him possessor of a building lot costing him anywhere from one to five hundred dollars, according to the size and situation; he clears a space among the fir and birch trees, and folds back the carpet of ferns, until he has left himself room enough for his house, built of logs and stained shingles, with rough stone chimneys, and in any fanciful shape he may prefer, costing him either five hundred or five thousand dollars, as his purse or pleasure dictates,—a wooden tent for camping out in the forest, but with a roof to ensure against rain, and a chimney-piece around his camp-fire. He is in the heart of the forest; free to enjoy its still beauty, its subtle and penetrating perfumes, its peace, health, and refreshments, yet secure from wind and weather, within a stone's-throw of the inn, where, if he does not desire to keep house, he can get meals cooked by a French *chef*, and served him by deft, white-capped maids; his table spread with wood blossoms and wild strawberries, and—if so pleases him—he may lunch in the open air on the wide porch. Five minutes' walk carries him into green, unbroken solitudes, yet he gets his daily paper by ten o'clock every morning; and while there is a strong local sentiment in favor of but one toilet a day, and that as simple and comfortable as

possible, yet his daily tub is achievable and convenient, and five hours' time will put him in the heart of New York.

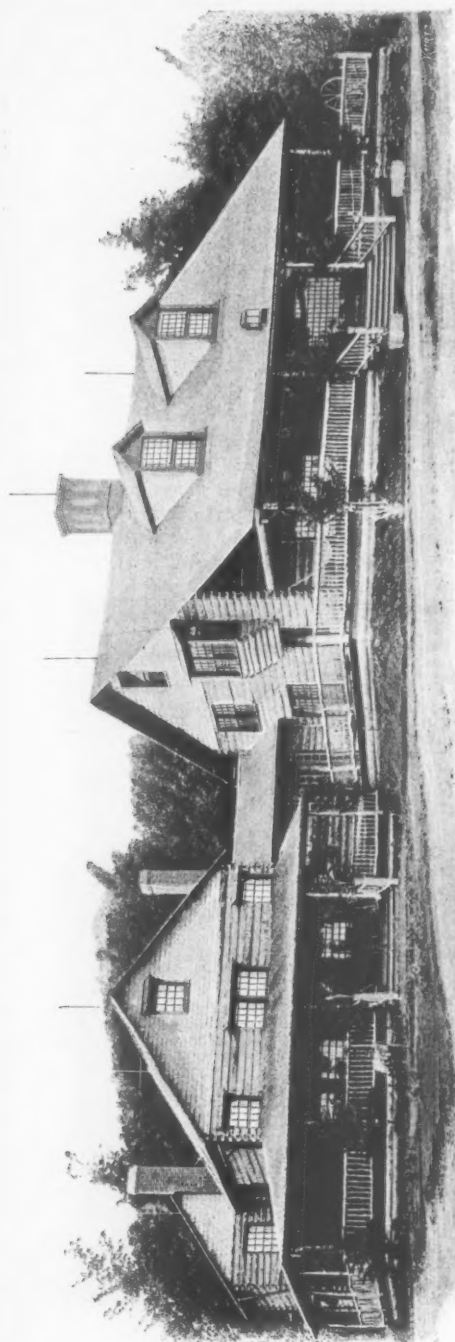
This rare combination of blessings has attracted many prominent people to make their summer homes at Onteora. Jeannette Gilder, the sister of the editor of *The Century*, and herself editor of *The Critic*, has climbed boldly up the mountain side, hung her eyrie far above all her neighbors' heads, and calls the pretty home of her little brood of adopted nieces and nephews, to whom she is father and mother too, "Cloud Cabin." Mary Mapes Dodge, editor of *St. Nicholas*, has chosen this as her summer refuge; but her cottage is further down, and one of a row straggling off forestward from the inn. The names of all these cottages are suggestive of the spirit of the place,—“Crowsfoot,” “Ragged Robin,” “Fernseed,”—and this one of hers is christened “Yarrow.” Mrs. J. N. A. Griswold, the author of “The Lost Wedding Ring,” is, with Miss Hamilton French, of *The Harper* staff, owner of one of

the few stone cottages—“Wing and Wing,” occupied this summer by General Thomas Hubbard. Rather to the rear of the inn is “Clover Cottage,” a little rustic lodge with diamond-paned windows, occupied by Dr. Austin Flint; and to be seen from his porch are the scattered tents put up for bachelor quarters, with boarded floors and iron bedsteads. “Carraway,” the home of Dr. Kelsey, a celebrated New York specialist, is also within sight of the inn, and is Onteora's show cottage,—the owner being one of the foremost members of the club and founders of this modern Arcadia.

The two oldest buildings in the settlement are the cottage of Dora Wheeler, the artist, and the mountain lodge, “Lotus Land,” owned by her aunt, Mrs. Jeannette Thurber, famous throughout the country for her gallant effort to develop and encourage American music. They were Onteora's pioneers, and from their experiments and experiences the conception of this settlement was developed; for, like most successful

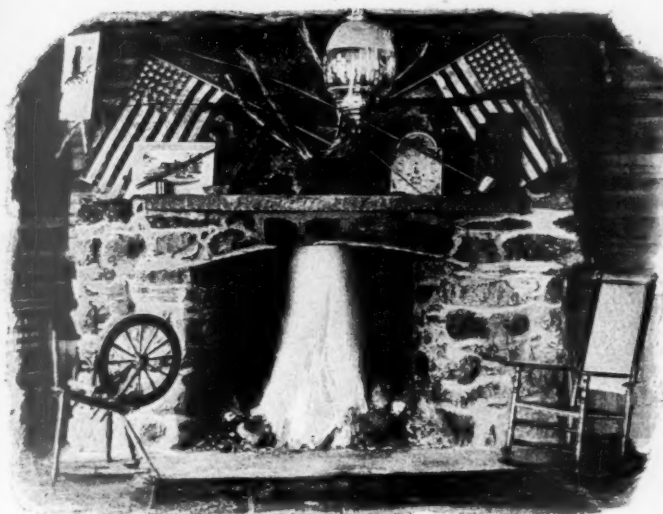


IN ARCADY.



"LOTUS LAND," MRS. H. K. THURBER'S COTTAGE.

experiments, Onteora was not evolved as a formal plan, but grew naturally out of the simplest beginnings. The Thurbers and Wheelers were in search of a mountain home for the autumn months, wandered here by accident, and, looking upon the site as a treasure trove, settled down within a little distance of each other, and determined to put in practice certain artistic theories as to the beauty and satisfaction of building one's home of the simple materials near at hand, employing them with artistic taste and judgment, and that they might for a time put away all the tedious formalities and conventions of their urban existence, and live in happy simplicity without sacrificing any of the comforts and refinements. The little candle of this sensible deed threw its beams far into the stupid and naughty world, and the envy and admiration of visiting friends turned at last to the flattery of imitation, and Onteora was the development. Their houses are especially well situated, they having had the first choice of sites, and stand with their feet buried in ferns and daisies, the birch and fir forests rising at their back, and before them the splendid spectacle of the pageant of the hours marching across the amphitheater of hills. Mrs. Thurber's lodge set the key of rusticity—which all the rest have followed, and the furnishing of Miss Wheeler's little cabin may warrant description, as being typical of what can be done to combine cheapness and comfort with beauty. The wide front porch, that looks toward the mountains, is one of the most frequented portions of the house, that the inmates may lose none of the mountains' dappled beauties of chasing shine and shadow; and here are hung hammocks, and strewn lounging-chairs, a table for five-o'clock tea, books, and long-legged work-baskets running over with feminine belongings. Over the entrance are nailed fresh balsam boughs to give a perfumed incense of welcome to guests. Inside is a large, low living-room, with the usual red floor, and with irregular windows, low and wide, or high and bowed, as suited the fancy of the builder. The walls are covered with coarse palmetto matting from the West Indies, and on this Miss Wheeler paints the faces of her friends—those of Mark Twain and Mrs. Gilder being among them—or some atmospheric effect that catches her eye from the



AN ONTEORA INTERIOR.

Impromptu tea-drinkings on the verandas, informal dinners and breakfasts, form the limits of social efforts; the conventionality of calls being abandoned for a genial intimacy of association such as all sojourners in the woods are familiar with; the understanding being that every one is simply camping out for the summer in the mountains, only with the added advantages of doing it in charming little

windows. There is a birchen stairway twisting up in one corner; the room is hung and the divans and tables covered with the same blue denim, which, with its reverse sides, dark blue and blue-gray, gives charming results for an almost inappreciable expense.

The tall dresser is filled with blue willow-pattern china; there are bookshelves, a writing-table, and the window-ledges hold jars of wild flowers. In the corner is a big open fireplace, and the furniture is all of the local make, stained brown. Nothing could be prettier, though the means of producing are so cheap and simple, and the place—following the fashion of Onteora in naming their cottages after the humbler flowers and herbs—is called "Pennyroyal," because, as Miss Wheeler explains, it cost her but a penny, and she and her friends have had such royal fun there. As a wing to her cottage she has lately built a summer studio, a charming room, where she works in the daytime, and where her friends are fond of gathering in the evening around a huge fireplace, in which there is room for half a dozen.

The life at Onteora is of the simplest character. No formal entertainments are given, but the colony of literary people find infinite pleasure in the society of one another and of their artistic and cultivated neighbors.

cabins, and with the best of the New York market, cooked by a Frenchman, instead of smoky tea and bacon, gritty with ashes, that usually serves to sustain life in the camper.

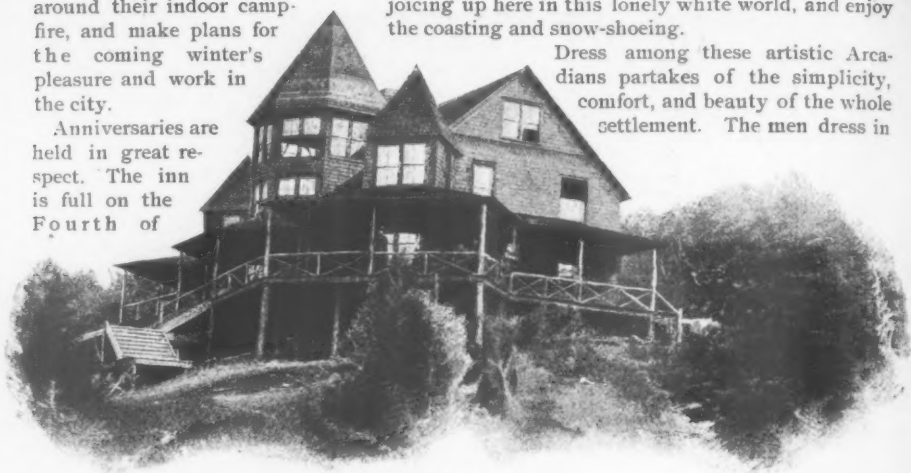
For amusements there is fishing in the many trout streams of the neighborhood; a tennis court in front of the inn; a stable full of saddle horses and every variety of vehicle; the amateur photographer gets very good effects in this clear atmosphere; and there is mountain climbing to be had at pleasure. Most of the cottagers or campers—as one may prefer—are people with a distinct artistic calling and election, and their work goes on through the summer, so that time does not hang heavily on their hands, nor is there need of artificial devices to kill it. It is a community that works, reads, paints, writes, and studies very earnestly, and does not look upon the summer as a season of complete idleness. In the autumn the place is perhaps even more beautiful than in summer, for then the frost lights its warning watch-fires on the hills, to warn the world of the fierce army with white banners that comes for conquest. The campers' children gather the nut harvest; there are bears and foxes to be hunted in the further hills; the cabins are bowers of gold and scarlet plundered from the forest; and at night, when the cold moonlight shines in broad patches on the floor, they sit

around their indoor camp-fire, and make plans for the coming winter's pleasure and work in the city.

Anniversaries are held in great respect. The inn is full on the Fourth of

joining up here in this lonely white world, and enjoy the coasting and snow-shoeing.

Dress among these artistic Arcadians partakes of the simplicity, comfort, and beauty of the whole settlement. The men dress in

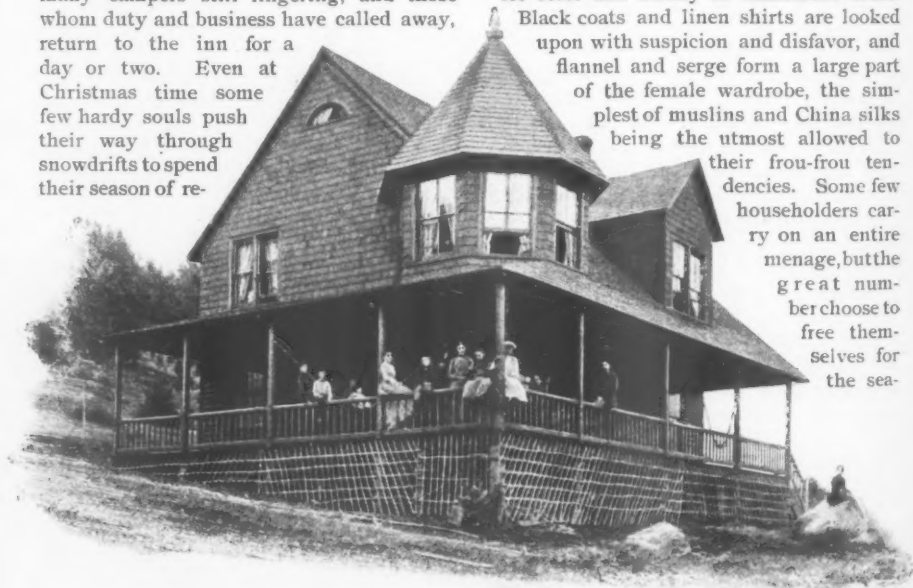


THE TWILIGHT CLUB HOUSE.

July, and all the cottages extend their hospitalities to the extent of their accommodations. The camp-fire which burns every night on the great stone altar in front of the inn is then more than ever the center of jovial groups, with their banjos and rousing catches. At Thanksgiving there are many campers still lingering, and those whom duty and business have called away, return to the inn for a day or two. Even at Christmas time some few hardy souls push their way through snowdrifts to spend their season of re-

corduroy largely, with flannel shirts and leather leggings, suited for fishing, hunting, and climbing, and their method of recognizing the formalities of dinners and veranda teas is to effloresce into the gay flannels that have of late years been an outlet for the instinctive but sternly repressed desire for color and beauty in masculine dress.

Black coats and linen shirts are looked upon with suspicion and disfavor, and flannel and serge form a large part of the female wardrobe, the simplest of muslins and China silks being the utmost allowed to their frou-frou tendencies. Some few householders carry on an entire menage, but the great number choose to free themselves for the sea-



A TWILIGHT CLUB COTTAGE.

son from the cares of housekeeping, and take all their meals at the inn, entertaining their guests there, and contenting themselves with an alcohol lamp for tea in their own houses. This depends to a great extent upon the means and preferences of the camper. Some of those who come for a short sojourn in the tents bring camp furniture and cook out of doors, getting their fresh bread and meat and their milk and cream from the inn.

An experiment has been tried here in domestic service also, for, having solved the other burning questions that have so long been puzzling the race, it would never have done to neglect this most tangled one. Nearly all the maids in the place have been selected from the church schools of different denominations, and they are subdued to the prevailing law of beauty by being dressed in uniform, consisting of a plain, full skirt of the favorite denim, the gray-blue side turned outward, and a broad hem of the dark blue being turned up at the edge. A gathered waist of the gray-blue has cuffs and collars of the darker shade, and a white cap and long white apron complete the pretty, neat costume. A row of little rooms, charmingly furnished, is set aside for their use in the upper part of the inn, and the housekeeper insists that these be kept as dainty and inviting as are the chambers of the guests. Nearly every one of them has pots of flowers or jugs full of wood blossoms set on the window ledge between the white curtains; and a book or two or a basketful of needlework on the table, tells how they spend their leisure, which—since domestic labor is simple here—is ample. They have quickly fallen into the spirit of the place, and take the deepest interest in keeping up its standard of simple beauty and charm. Nearly every afternoon they are off for an hour or two, and one meets them on their homeward way from their walks, laughing, rosy-cheeked, happy groups of girls,

with their arms full of flowers and boughs, with which they will make their own chambers and the dining-room of the inn a bower of color and perfume. How pleasant a spirit reigns under this new method may be guessed from the hearty good-will of the tone in which the maid who brings one's hot water in the morning inquires after one's rest of the night before.

So admirable and successful have the results of this new departure been, that already it has had an imitator. The Twilight Club of New York is an informal association of clever men, including a good many bohemians, who generally drop into their club rooms about dusk, after the labors of the day are done and dinner not yet, and make twilight the brightest and most refreshing part of the day. One of the members, Mr. Charles F. Wingate, a sanitary engineer, has founded a community somewhat on the model of Onteora, some ten or twelve miles distant in the mountains, and called it after his club, being joined in his enterprise by many of his fellow-members. Quite a number of houses have been built, an inn established, and the undertaking appears to be a definite success, though the beautiful simplicity that is Onteora's chief charm has been somewhat departed from.

So much has been done to injure the character of Americans by the continuance throughout the entire year of the empty round of petty social struggles, of the materializing of their ideals and vulgarizing of their taste by the crowding of summer resorts where wealth and ostentation set the standards, that this effort toward a return to simpler methods of life, this experiment in plain living with high thinking, which yet rejects none of the comforts and conquests of civilization, is a nearer approach to Arcady than anything yet tried, and is—for the sake of our national character—worthy of all imitation.

## Social Problems, by Edward Everett Hale.



IT is interesting to observe the attention which is given, through the whole country, to the speculations which, for want of a better name, are called the speculations of the "Nationalists." The name seems to me a very poor one; first, because it is used in common conversation to represent the Irish Nationalists, whose object has nothing to do with that of the so-called Nationalists of America. Again, it seems in America as if an effort were being made to depreciate the State governments in comparison with the government of the nation. This impression is also entirely mistaken. But there is an evident determination on the part of many thoughtful people to strengthen the hands, to enlarge the work, of town governments, the State governments, and the government of the nation, and to intrust to them much which is now carried on by individuals, by small or large corporations, or by syndicates.

Mr. Edward Bellamy has given great impulse to this impression, and what people like to call "the movement" which belongs to it, by his remarkable book, "Looking Backward." The circulation of this book increases with every week. Many thoughtful people ask themselves whether, if there be a certain gain when four or five railways are absorbed in one corporation, there may not be a still greater gain if that corporation which we call "the state" takes the management of them all. It is, indeed, too late, as has been said in this place before, to say that the state can not carry on railroads. Many of the railways in the West are now carried on by receivers appointed by the United States courts, some of them to much

better advantage than they were carried on under the more cumbrous system of corporation management. If a receiver appointed by a United States court can carry on a railway honestly and to the general advantage, there is no reason in the thing itself why an officer appointed by the President of the United States, and approved by the Senate, might not do the same work as well.

The American people, from the very beginning, have been in the habit of doing many things by their government corporations which no other nation did. Thus, we led the way in establishing lighthouses by the government, which in England, till a very recent time, were in the hands of private persons or of a large corporation. We have always carried the mail by the government, and never farmed it out to a corporation as was done in Germany. It was from faithlessness that we let the Western Union corporation carry the telegraph, and one is not sorry to see the beginning of a little discussion between the United States Government and that corporation, which will end in a solution of the curious question why the telegraph work of the United States costs more than the work of the Associated Press or of individuals.

A very noble illustration of the success of the state in carrying on public enterprises is that of the State of New York in its construction of the Erie Canal. Perhaps our readers at a distance do not all know that this canal is now open to every navigator, be he a schoolboy paddling in his canoe, or be he the merchant who has hundreds of tons of grain on board his boat—just as free as is the Hudson River or as is Chesapeake Bay.

The boatman is not even asked to pay toll at the locks; his boat may go from Lake Erie to the sea, or from the sea to the lake, as if the good God had directly made the channel through which he sails, instead of calling upon De Witt Clinton and the people of New York to make it for him. It is very hard in theory to say what would be the danger of intrusting the railways of the country to similar management.

Really a better name for the "Nationalists" would be "The Friends of Government."

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SIDE by side with the steady improvement of machinery and the reduction in the number of drudges who are obliged to use dead weight and muscle in their work, we are pleased to notice the determination appearing in many quarters to train men and women to some forms of industry which the steam-engine at its best can never undertake.

A body of ladies, who had become interested in the Italian section of the city of Boston, found that their *protégés*, the emigrant Italians, had not yet made the right place for themselves in their new home, while they still had the memory of the pretty arts by which they had maintained life in Italy. These ladies provided rooms for the Italians, and the emigrants are now beginning to weave ribbons and scarfs, such as travelers in Europe are so fond of buying from the weaver's hand in Rome or in the other Italian cities. An artist friend showed me, not many days ago, a beautiful candlestick, wrought out upon the anvil by the hammer of one of those workmen of Sienna who inherit, one may say, the skill of generations. It would be a pretty thing if some of the industrial schools would call into existence again the half-lost art of working in wrought iron, which adds so much to the beauty of the monuments of what we are pleased to call the Dark Ages.

It is probably as true as it ever was that it is desirable that every boy and every girl should be trained to some handicraft, with sufficient skill to be able to work in it, even should there never be another steam-engine in the world. We mean to have the giants do our hard work for us, but there are still elegancies of life, for which we must train the sentiment, the observation, the hand, and the

eye, according as Nature has given one gift or another to one or another of her children. And it would probably be fair to say that the demands of a Christian civilization are not met until every boy or girl can say that he or she can do something, with hands or with head, which could not be so well done if he or she were not in the world.

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IN the city of Venice, nine years ago, an English lady, widow of an officer slain in the Crimean war, started a Home for Ragged Boys. The boys are not only drawn in from the streets, but are given a home, clothed, fed, and taught. The beginning of the school was on a very small scale. The lady who started it had not the means of her own, and with twenty-four pounds, borrowed from a friend, she opened a ragged school in a small, dark room given her rent free for the purpose. Twelve ragged, dirty boys, from eight to twelve years of age, were gathered here, and given a good, substantial dinner. The boys were first taught to read and write, then a shoemaker was engaged to teach them to make and to cobble shoes, and then a carpenter gave them lessons in the simplest forms of carpentry. As time went on, larger and better rooms and more instruction became necessary, and now it is an industrial school as well as a home for ragged boys; and every year boys go out from this school with a knowledge of trade which will enable them to gain an honest livelihood, and a moral training which will make honest, law-abiding citizens of them. In the last report of the school there were forty-five inmates and three day scholars.

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A TEACHERS' Mutual Benefit Association has been formed within a few years in the city of New York, and its success there has been the means of forming a similar organization in Boston. The object is "to furnish pecuniary aid to its members." An initiation fee of three dollars is required, and regular assessments based upon the salary received. All female members after a term of service of thirty-five years, and male members after a term of forty years, may be retired and be entitled to sixty per cent. of their yearly salary at time of retirement provided the amount does not exceed six hundred dollars. After a service of thirty-five or forty years to the public in the train-

ing of the children, it would seem as if, when incapacitated for further work in that direction, the public should see that care and anxiety for the future should be relieved by awarding a proper pension to those who have served so faithfully. This is not so at present, though Massachusetts is working hard to get such a law passed by her legislature. The Mutual Benefit Association means that a people not too well paid shall save of their hard earnings to assist each other. It is a step in the right direction, but the public should look to it that the faithful, long-time teachers shall enjoy freedom from the anxious cares of the morrow.

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MR. WINGATE, of New York, so well known in his efforts for the improvement and better sanitary arrangements of tenement houses, believes also in muscular recreation and development. He was interested in a boys' club in Brooklyn, and, desiring to infuse new life into it, he proposed a gymnasium. The boys were delighted with this departure from the old plan of reading-room, etc. They were eager to join and to induce their friends to come with them. A suitable room was procured, and one hundred and fifty dollars raised for the needed apparatus. Much of the work of fitting up the room was done by the boys themselves, who were willing to make almost any sacrifice to further this new plan. A fee was fixed of one dollar for each three months, and the room is always full. The boys are from seventeen to twenty years of age, and are, without exception, working for their livelihood. In the main the club is self-managed and self-taught, but occasionally some teachers of gymnastics come in for a special lesson. The moral atmosphere of the place is excellent, and the attendance shows how much these privileges are prized by working boys and men.

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A STORY which reminds us of the tales from Arabian Nights is the wonderful change which Mr. William Duncan, an Englishman, has wrought among the Indians whom he found near Fort Simpson, on the northwestern coast. In 1821 the Hudson's Bay Company established a trading post at Fort Simpson. The natives were the most degraded and dangerous of the country. They were also cannibals,

bloodthirsty and superstitious. No missionary was sent among them, and until 1853 no effort was made to change their condition. Even then the matter was only talked about. In 1856 Mr. Duncan decided to go to them. He asked permission to live at the Fort only until he could learn their language, and then fearlessly went among them. By his cheery manner and genuine goodness he became a welcome visitor to their houses, and though he had enemies, he was never harmed. He established schools, and in 1862 a company of the Indians agreed to form a Christian village fourteen miles from Fort Simpson. They agreed to drink no liquor, not to work on Sunday, or have any "heathen folly." The name of the new village was Metlakatla. Slavery and polygamy were abandoned; industries sprang up like magic; the Indian costume was changed for that of the white man; a church, a fire company, and a brass band were formed. There never was a murder in the village, and the laws were strictly executed. Such was the Christian Indian village in 1886, when the English Church saw fit to interfere with Mr. Duncan's method of work, and he came to Washington to ask leave of the United States Government to remove his village to Alaska. British Columbia claimed their canning factory, church, houses, and indeed all their little property, and the Indians, with some money raised by Mr. Duncan, started afresh to build new homes and enterprises. Mr. H. O. Houghton, of Boston, the publisher, has received and forwarded money to Mr. Duncan; and it is with satisfaction we read of the bravery and public spirit of this little community, who have already built another factory for canning salmon, a school-house, church, dwellings, sash and furniture workshop, and a steam saw-mill. The courage and energy of this little band of Indians, who but thirty-three years ago were savages of the most barbarous kind, is well worthy of attention from those who have longer enjoyed the advantages of education. Mr. Duncan has, with bravery, firmness, love, and great executive ability, wrought a change which is simply miraculous. It would be well if American people—lovers of the Indians, as well as those who do not believe in them—would investigate Mr. Duncan's

methods, and see for themselves if, in dealing with the Indian, we can not learn to improve upon our present plan.

A CLUB for working people, so successful that it has entered its seventeenth year, and yet so different in its methods from other clubs for working men and women that it stands almost alone, is the People's Club, of Lowell, Mass. The daily papers published a notice in 1873 that a club would be started and carried on for "the intellectual improvement of and the furnishing of rational amusement and recreation to, people of both sexes in this city and vicinity during the winter evenings, and also to provide in some quiet and rational manner for the enjoyment of our people, especially of those without homes."

After some experiments it was found best to have separate club rooms for the men and women. They are large, convenient rooms on each side of one of the principal streets, well lighted, and inviting to the man or woman who is ready to be led to the saloon because no other place is open. There are reading-rooms, libraries, and amusement rooms. No fee is charged. All are welcome, and all are invited to come and go at will. Lectures are provided, and various classes, free to those who choose to come. The manufacturing corporations of Lowell recognize the importance of the People's Club, and annually contribute one thousand two hundred and fifty dollars toward its support. The balance is given by regular subscribers, who do not, however, necessarily take an active part in the management of the club.

ONE of the latest societies, showing the strictly practical drift of the times, is the Association for the Advancement of Household Science. This is an organization of men as well as women who are interested in the best methods of housekeeping, and desirous of promoting the general happiness and comfort of home life. Its first annual meeting was held in May last at Purdue University, Lafayette, Indiana, when papers were read on Cooking Schools, First Steps in Good Housekeeping, Home Architecture,

Home Sanitation, and the Proper Selection and Combination of Foods; all of which subjects bear very closely on the welfare of families. These papers will be shortly published in pamphlet form, and homely though household science may sound, there is no subject which needs more scientific investigation, and which, in the practical view of the matter, contributes not only to the home but to the national life. The objects of the association, as given in the published circular, are:

1. To collect and disseminate information in regard to the most approved plans of building comfortable, convenient, well-ventilated houses; and the easiest and best methods of doing all kinds of housework.

2. To systematize those plans and methods, and put them into practical operation.

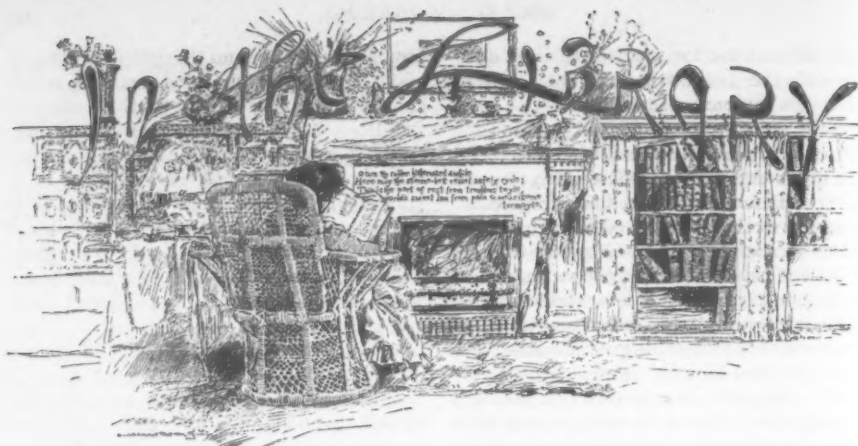
3. To study the principles of nutrition and the chemistry of foods; and to apply the knowledge obtained by such study to improving the character of our national cookery.

4. To make it a distinction and an honor among women to be good cooks and housekeepers; and to make domestic employments of equal repute with teaching, office work, or any occupation by which a woman earns money.

5. To promote in all possible ways the establishment of schools for the special education of housekeepers, matrons, stewards, caterers, cooks, and those having supervision of the diet of large numbers of people; to the end that such special education may be required in all cases of persons undertaking the duties of any such positions.

6. To insist upon skilled labor in all departments of the household, and upon making the rate of compensation for such labor dependent upon its character and quality.

Members of the association are assigned different topics for investigation, and at future meetings the reports will be received and discussed. Already there are members in many of the States of the Union, and the subject is attracting general attention. The corresponding secretary is Professor W. P. Ewing, Purdue University, Lafayette, Indiana.



### CARMEN SYLVA, QUEEN OF ROUMANIA.

EVERY one has heard of the reigning queen in Europe, who writes poems and novels. The story of her life, her work, her deeds, her sayings, have been written down in books, and have been the subject of many magazine articles and countless newspaper paragraphs. All the biographical sketches are founded upon the "Life of Carmen Sylva," by Natalie Freiin von Stackelberg. Herein we learn that Elizabeth, Queen of Roumania, was born Princess of Weid on the 29th of December, 1843. Weid was a small principality on the bank of the Rhine, near Ehrenbreitstein, and Elizabeth's family was an old and honored one. She was brought up in a strict, studious fashion, and her childhood was solitary except for the companionship of an invalid brother. She was repressed in her play by a rigid decorum, and was punished on one occasion because she joined the village children at their school. Her training might naturally have dulled her sensibilities, but it seems only to have quickened her own resources. At her summer home she wandered in the forest, and made friends with the birds and flowers. When a mere child she developed a poetic taste and talent. She began to write at nine, and at sixteen she kept a book in which she secretly copied all her verses. At this time her tasks were long and severe. She studied history, the languages,—Latin, Italian, French, and English,—grammar, arithmetic, geometry, and literature, and read poetry, history, and the drama for rec-

reation. She even read three newspapers daily, and applied herself to politics. From eighteen until twenty-four the princess studied, traveled, or taught the poor. She seemed to have both talent and inclination for the latter work, and she declared that she was going to prepare herself to become a teacher. Her marriage with the Prince of Roumania, however, prevented her from carrying out this plan.

Prince Charles of Hohenzollern was placed at the head of the state of Roumania in 1866. He was unmarried, but he had a romantic adventure with a young German princess some five years before. He was ascending a palace stair in Berlin when a miss came tumbling down into his arms. He saved her from what might have been a serious fall, and now that he was Prince of Roumania he bethought himself of this fair young girl, who was none other than the Princess of Weid. He asked her to become the Princess of Roumania, and they were married in 1869. They have had but one child, a girl who died when four years old. In her great grief over her loss, the mother found her only solace in ceaseless work. She had already acquired a knowledge of the Roumanian language—which is a Latin, not a Slavic language—and she now devoted herself to her people. She organized all kinds of charitable institutions, and sought to develop and establish the national characteristics of the people by the improvement of native industries, the encouragement of the adoption of the national costume, etc.

At this time also she began to devote herself seriously to authorship. Though

she had written from childhood, she knew nothing of the art of composition. For the first time now she confessed to a few chosen friends that she sometimes wrote verses. Under their advice she applied herself to the study of composition. She worked zealously for two years, when the Turko-Russian war for a time put an end to her literary labors. Roumania was a battle-field, and the princess was in every camp of sick and wounded. The people called her the "mother of the wounded," and erected a statue to her at the close of the war. Her husband, Prince Charles, was as brave as she was merciful, and played a gallant part at the battle of Plevna. After the war, by the Treaty of Berlin Roumania was recognized as an independent kingdom, and certain conditions having been fulfilled, Charles and Elizabeth were in 1881 crowned king and queen of Roumania.

When peace was established, Elizabeth again turned her attention to literary work. In 1880 she published her first book under the *nom de plume* of Carmen Sylva. It was a volume of translations from Roumanian into German verse. This was followed in less than a year by a book of original poems. Since that time the queen has published in German no less than five volumes of poetry, four novels or stories, and two collections of tales; she has translated a novel from the French into the German; she has written a book of aphorisms in the French, which gained for her the medal of honor from the French Academy; and she has recently translated into both German and English, but not yet published, a collection of Roumanian folk-songs. Even this summary does not include all her work or fully measure her literary activity. The total of production is such as few writers have ever equaled; and when we reflect that Carmen Sylva is a sovereign as well as an author, and that she has a thousand and one interests unconnected with literature, we can have only admiration for her activity.

As to the quality of her productions, we can not always speak with equal enthusiasm. Her "*Handwerkerlieder*," or "Songs of Toil," would be a credit to any author, even were she not a queen; but some of her poems and some of her stories have little more than average merit. No one will include in this class the story called "Steria's

Revenge," now first published in this magazine. It is a grim, horrible story, revolting if not disgusting in parts, but so powerful as to claim a place in permanent literature. It is like a picture of Verestchagin's, before which one stands spellbound, yet fainting. It suggests the horrors of Poe and the crimes in Russian novels. But, in spite of all, it is the best short story that Carmen Sylva has written. The queen usually writes with a purpose. Here it is to rebuke the popular aversion to deformity. Happily this aversion does not obtain among us as in Roumania. The purpose of "Steria's Revenge" therefore becomes insignificant to us, and the story must be accepted merely as a literary production. As such it is a work of art, horrible though that art may be.

The readers of the story will be glad to turn back from its revolting details to the beautiful portrait of its author, which appears as the frontispiece of this magazine. It is from a photograph taken last winter and sent to me by her majesty. It represents her, not as the queen, but as the author. But although she has written "Carmen Sylva" upon it, she could not banish the queen from her face and figure. They reveal the majesty of the "mother of her people."

JOHN ELIOT BOWEN.

#### "THE WRONG BOX." \*

WILL literature ever degenerate into the "mere mechanic art" which Cowper asserted that poetry in his day had become? James Payn has written a serious essay to prove that there is no such thing as genius or natural aptitude; that any boy of parts can be trained to literature exactly as he can be trained to medicine or the law. The case of Robert Louis Stevenson seems almost to confirm this view. He has himself told us how he deliberately set out at a very early age to conquer a style. He studied the great models, he took their sentences apart, he mastered the subtle mystery of their charm. He dissected words, searching at the point of his scalpel for the secret of their warmth, their color, their perfume, their life, in fact. He achieved his object. He is to-day the master of a style of extraor-

\* By Robert Louis Stevenson. 12mo, cloth, \$1.50. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

dinary purity, resonance, and grace, a style that wins you as music wins, a style that would have been a marvel to our grandfathers. Yet will such a style be a commonplace to our grandchildren? Will it be within the grasp of any who have the patience and the energy to imitate Mr. Stevenson's methods? And, if so, will it share the fate of other commonplaces, and lose the awful glory that encircles the unknown and the inscrutable? If Shakespeare's magic could be copied, would not Shakespeare cease to be a magician? We worship what is above us—not what lies upon our level. We must look up to, not down upon, an object, to see it rimmed around with heaven.

What is a giant? A man of ten feet or even seven. If we were all twelve feet high, Colossus would become a dwarf. We can conceive of a race so mighty that Leviathan and Behemoth might seem insects to them. Greatness, physical or intellectual, is merely relative. The feats of greatness startle us into wonder because they are beyond our reach. Let our finger-tips attain to them and the wonder vanishes.

Yet there is one thing lacking in Stevenson's style. It is not distinctive, not characteristic; it does not reveal the man, but rather hides him. The motley of Lamb, the homespun of Swift, the imperial purple of De Quincey, clothe them in shining garments which sit easily upon them. Stevenson's, with all its beauty, is a misfit style. It was measured for the Apollo Belvidere, not for him. We feel, somehow, that he is in disguise, that his livery is a stolen one.

There is an element, too, of the fictitious in his humor, his wit, his morality, his philosophy—as of something assumed rather than innate. We yield him an admiration which, after all, we do not quite believe in. We can not away with a lurking doubt. Is this Moses, or a false priest who performs similar marvels? Is it miracle or sleight of hand?

Perhaps one can best understand the nature of Mr. Stevenson's limitations from his verse. That might be described by all the adjectives which are applied to genuine poetry, save one—poetical. No recipe, however adroit, has yet succeeded in counterfeiting the honey of Hymettus. Even in our day the poet must be born and not made.

As to "The Wrong Box," the latest of Stevenson's books—it is a kaleidoscope which deceives the eye with shapes of strange and grotesque brilliancy. We are amused and delighted, but we suspect an imposition. What at first sight looks like fertility of invention resolves itself, upon reflection, into an exquisitely skillful rearrangement of the stock materials of the fiction-monger. It would be quite possible for the student of comparative literature to trace the germs from which all these laughable situations were evolved. The cardinal incident, for example—the misadventures of a corpse—is only one more addition to the cycle of stories which finds its most familiar exponent in the Arabian Nights' tale of "The Little Hunchback." Yet, undoubtedly, old materials have been mingled with cunning skill into a new compound.

That there is genuine fun in the book goes without saying. It is an extravaganza of the most rollicking order. The characters are sketched in vigorous outline, and the impossible incidents have that bewildering verisimilitude which haunts a nightmare. It would be interesting to know what share in the performance was borne by Mr. Leighton Osborne, the collaborator whose name appears on the title-page. Occasionally, when the texture of the style seems a little less fine, we fancy that we can detect the touch of an alien and inferior hand. But this may be mere fancy. Mr. Osborne's aid, it may be, was nominal, invoked only to secure the benefit of such protection as can be afforded by our present copyright laws.

If the aid was more important, we may congratulate ourselves upon the fact that Mr. Stevenson has secured a junior partner who will be able to carry on the business after the firm has been gathered to his fathers.

WILLIAM S. WALSH.

#### "INSIDE OUR GATE."\*

THREE hundred and odd pages of the chronicle of small beer! A minute and careful record, not omitting the most trifling detail, and yet the brew is a good one, more like raspberry vinegar, perhaps, than any malt drink, even the smallest; or orange-

\* By Christine Chaplin Brush. 16mo, cloth. \$1.00. Roberts Bros., Boston.

flower water, such as old ladies used to have fetched in upon trays to refresh the casual caller—so sweet and fresh and delicate is the draught one gets from these pages. It is some years since "The Colonel's Opera Cloak" appeared among the early issues of the No Name Series, and was received with a warmth that might easily have tempted the author into sudden fructification, after the regrettable manner of young authors in the sunlight of popular approval. That she was not so tempted, but has waited all these years for a second utterance, is because of the very "virtues of her qualities," perhaps—to transpose the French saying—and is an example to be commended of all men and followed of many.

The product of this long interval of silence is well worth waiting, though the book is in the most essential meaning a woman's book, a story of a home. There is no plot, and, in the conventional sense, there are no characters, though the reader is not long in becoming intimately and agreeably familiar with Catharine Elizabeth Drummond, otherwise known as Tibbie the cook, with her many lovers—"followers," the vulgar call them—in the persons of Mr. Macfarlane the baker, Robby Brown the sailor, and the "sax Scotchman;" with Mary Ellen, a certain maltese cat who was of the male persuasion, despite his pseudonym; with Don and Scott, the dogs; with the children, the gardener, and the cow. On its face it appears but the intimate and loquacious record of trivial daily doings, such as women love to give each other. In reality it is a gallery of pictures: life rightly focused by the eye of an artist and the soul of a poet, which discern things in their true relation, and sees not only that to

"sweep a room as for His law  
Makes that and the action fine—"

but the essential beauty in services of Martha undertaken with the spirit of Mary. It is a book that women laboring under the sense of wasted faculties might, perhaps, get much comfort from.

The reader begins to suspect after awhile, in his progress through the book, it is a high order of art that underlies all this artlessness. Through the apparent desultoriness of the record of unimportant events one gets a clever character creation in Tibbie the cook

—who is in reality the heroine of the book—much skilled dialect work, and a bit of a love story, too, at the end. The savor of the book is in its delicious overflowing humor, which elevates the most trifling incident into an event, and gives relish to it. The book is a summer book, for all these happenings take place in a country house, with a pleasant sense in its pages of the sound of the rustling leaves, the chirping of birds, the smell of the apples ripening in the sunshine, and the salt wind that blows in from the glittering bay. The book deserves to take its place as a classic beside "The Reveries of a Bachelor," as its antitype, "The Confidences of a Married Woman." Its witty wholesomeness and simplicity are most refreshing as a change from the diseased intensity of our new erotic school, and the hysteric eventfulness of the Haggardesque.

ELIZABETH BISLAND.

#### THE LEPER PRIEST.\*

THIS little book sums a religious heroism which already echoes wide as the world, though it was but recently borne across the sea from a tiny Pacific island.

Father Damien was born in 1841, near Louvain, in Belgium, where his brother, a priest, still lives. On his nineteenth birthday his father took him to see his brother, then preparing for the priesthood. Young Joseph (this was his baptismal name) decided here that he too must be a priest. His brother had determined upon missionary work in the South Seas, but a fever prevented his going. The impetuous Joseph asked him if it would be a consolation for his brother to go instead. Being answered "yes," he secretly wrote, in disobedience of the rules, offering himself, and begging that he might be sent, though his education was unfinished.

One day the superior came into his study-room and said, with a tender reproach: "Oh, you impatient boy! You have written this letter and you are to go."

Joseph jumped up and ran out, unable to control his joy, and the other students thought him crazy.

He worked for some years on various

\* "Father Damien. A Journey from Cashmere to his Home in Hawaii." By Edward Clifford. 12mo, cloth. \$1.00. Macmillan & Co. London and New York.

Pacific islands; but one day, in 1873, on the island of Mani, he heard the bishop lamenting that he could not send a priest to Molokai, the leper island.

"Monseigneur," said Father Damien, "here are new missionaries just arrived. One of them could take my district, and if you will be kind enough to allow it, I will go to Molokai and labor for the poor lepers, whose wretched state has often made my heart bleed within me."

The very next day, making no farewells, he embarked on a boat that was taking some cattle to the leper settlement. When he first put his foot on the island he said to himself, "Now, Joseph, my boy, this is your life-work." He was then thirty-three years of age, strong and robust.

From all the Hawaiian Islands the hundreds of lepers were exiled to this little craggy crater, walled in by the sea, and practically abandoned to their indescribable wretchedness. When new-comers arrived they were greeted by the terrible maxim, "In this place there is no law." They lived in frail frames that were wrecked by a strong wind, or under the cover of tropic trees. They were huddled together pell-mell, children and old people, men and women, all strangers to each other, outcasts from society, bound together by the common misery of their incurable contagion in chaotic despair. There was no water, save what was painfully brought on their weak backs from great distance. Cleanliness and decency were unknown. Becoming crazed with the intoxicating ki-root beer they ran about unclad, hideous demoniacs, abandoned to nameless vices. Their disease made frightfully rapid progress. The helpless were cast away. The dead were often unburied.

Father Damien brought order and comfort into this "living graveyard," as it was called. Careless of the pollution that was certain to attack him ultimately, he dressed their sores, washed their bodies, visited their death-beds, and dug their graves. Being a good carpenter, he built them houses and a chapel. He led a cool mountain spring down to their village. He banished the demeriting intoxicants, and was hated for it bitterly. But when he, too, caught the terrible disease after ten years among them,—the scalding water falling unfelt upon his dead flesh—and began his sermons with the

words "We lepers," even the worst of them revered and loved him.

An Englishman, a noble-hearted philanthropist, who was studying the relief of the lepers in India, heard of Father Damien and his work, and traveled around the world to visit him. His name is Edward Clifford, the writer of this volume.

He wanted particularly to try the effects of gurgun oil (a pitchy extract from an East Indian pine) upon the Molokai lepers, believing it a remedy for the dreadful disease. He is not a Roman Catholic, and says he never can be one; but he found in Father Damien one of the grandest types of humanity. Mr. Clifford tells the story of his journey made last December.

He found about two thousand lepers in several villages on the crater-island, all in comfortable cottages, with hospitals and churches, the wild nightmare of their forsaken woe softened by fifteen years of priestly devotion.

"Climbing down a rocky point," he writes, "we saw about twenty lepers. 'There is Father Damien,' said our purser; and, slowly moving along the hillside, I saw a dark figure with a large straw hat. He came rather painfully down, caught me by the hand, and a hearty welcome shone from his kindly face as he helped me up the rock."

Mr. Clifford describes him as "forty-nine years old, a thick-set, strongly-built man, with black curly hair and short gray beard. His countenance must have been handsome, with a full, well-curved mouth, and a short, straight nose; but he is now disfigured with leprosy. His forehead is swollen and ridged, the eyebrows are gone, the nose is sunk, and the ears greatly enlarged. His hands and feet look uneven with incipient boils, and his body also shows many signs of disease."

The gurgun oil was tried and relieved him much. It had cured many cases in the East, where it was vigorously applied, but it is found to be for most lepers only a palliative.

Mr. Clifford brought a box of presents from English friends—most valuable of all a painting of the vision of St. Francis, by Burne-Jones, from the painter.

After a fortnight with the lepers, including Father Damien's church services, the Christmas festivities, and many conversations, a ship came, bringing some friends of the exiles for a few hours at Molokai.

Among the touching scenes of parting the author sailed, while Father Damien, simple, unsentimental, heroic, stood with his people on the rocks till they receded from view, and with the setting sun Molokai was buried in a golden mist.

In his correspondence the Father happily closes with the words *au revoir au ciel*, and he gloriously died as he had hoped, "to spend Easter with the Saviour."

The work of Father Damien's life is strongly continued by his comrades, Father Conradi, Father Wendolen, and Brothers James and Joseph, and by four Franciscan Sisters in the hospitals. There are also several Protestant missionaries.

Mr. Clifford makes use of the sympathy drawn toward the lepers by Father Damien's life, to agitate a reform in regard to the same disease in India, where two hundred and fifty thousand lepers wander about unrestrained, mingling in the crowds as beggars, handling currency and edibles, polluting fountains, and spreading their loathsome disease broadcast. A "Father Damien Memorial Fund" has been organized by a committee including the leading men of England, presided over by the Prince of Wales, which has a triple purpose:

1. A monument to Father Damien on the spot at Molokai where his remains are buried.

2. The construction of a leper ward in London, to be called the "Father Damien Ward," with an endowment for the study of leprosy.

3. A complete inquiry into the question of checking and alleviating leprosy in India.

A magnificent result from the obscure labors of an humble priest among the ulcerous wretches of an island prison!

#### NEW BOOKS.

"The First Three Years of Childhood."

By Bernard Perez. Edited and translated by Alice M. Christie. 12mo, cloth. \$1.00. C. W. Bardeen. Syracuse, N. Y.

"Psychology as a Natural Science, Applied to the Solution of Occult Psychic Phenomena." By C. G. Rane, M.D. Large 8vo. \$3.50. Porter & Coates. Philadelphia.

"That Unknown Country; or, What Liv-

ing Men Believe Concerning Punishment After Death." By fifty leading authors, with a portrait of each. Large 8vo. C. A. Nichols & Co. Springfield, Mass.

"The Secret Doctrine, the Synthesis of Science, Religion, and Philosophy." By H. P. Blavatsky. 2 vols. Large 8vo. \$7.50. Wm. Q. Judge. New York.

"A Ride on a Cyclone." By William Hosea Ballou. Illustrated by Coultons. 12mo, cloth. \$1.00. Belford, Clarke & Co. Chicago and New York.

"The Heroines of Petoséga." A Novel. By Frederic Alva Dean. 12mo, cloth. The Hawthorne Publishing Co. New York.

"Merze: the Story of an Actress." By Marah Ellis Ryan. 12mo, paper. 50 cents. Rand, McNally & Co. Chicago and New York.

"The Last of the Thorndikes." By James R. Gilmore. 12mo, paper. 50 cents. The People's Publishing Co. New York.

"A Swallow's Wing." A Tale of Pekin. By Charles Hannan. 12mo, paper. 50 cents. Cassell & Co. New York.

"The Last of the Van Slacks." By Edward S. Van Tile. 12mo, paper. 50 cents. Cassell & Co. New York.

"The Bible Work." Prepared by J. Glentworth Butler, D.D. The New Testament complete in two volumes. Three volumes of the Old Testament also now ready. Volume III., fresh from the press, gives a full treatment of Israel under Joshua, the Judges, Saul, David, and Solomon. Royal 8vo, cloth. \$4.00. Funk & Wagnalls. New York.

"James and Lucretia Mott. Life and Letters." Edited by Anna Davis Hallowell. Illustrated with portraits. 12mo. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Boston.

"A Study of Origins; or, The Problems of Knowledge, of Being, and of Deeds." By E. de Pressensé, D.D. Second edition. 12mo. James Pott & Co. New York.

"Letters of Lydia Maria Child." With a Biographical Introduction by John G. Whit-  
tier. Fourth edition. 12mo. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"Emergency Notes." What to do in Accidents and Sudden Illness until the Doctor Comes. By Glentworth R. Butler, A.M., M.D. 12mo, cloth. 50 cents. Funk & Wagnalls. New York.

## THE COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE.

At its price, THE COSMOPOLITAN is the brightest, most varied, and best edited of the magazines.—*New York Times*.

There is a charm and fascination about THE COSMOPOLITAN that every one feels, and which, like all charm, defies analysis. The appearance of the magazine is so attractive, the type so clear, the illustrations so beautiful. And with this the articles are full of breezy thought and pleasant suggestions. It wins favor for itself even before opening, by its attractive cover and color designs—an attraction that deepens by dipping still further into its contents. The department of Social Problems, by Dr. Hale, is so vital, so full of strong suggestion and truth, that its appearance lends great distinction to the periodical presenting it.—*Boston Traveller*.

THE COSMOPOLITAN for August comes to us with a rich, full and varied list of contents. THE COSMOPOLITAN now ranks foremost among the illustrated monthlies, and in this number there are no less than eleven richly illustrated articles.—*Lynchburg Daily Republican, Va.*

THE COSMOPOLITAN for June is truly a cosmopolitan magazine, and it is working its way into the homes of multitudes of readers of good literature.—*Topeka Mail, Kansas*.

This periodical, under its new management, has become one of the foremost magazines of the country. The August number is especially bright and interesting, and its excellent topography, its beautiful illustrations, and its admirable make-up, contribute in no small measure to the reader's pleasure.—*Washington Post*.

THE COSMOPOLITAN for August is one of the most attractive magazines ever issued anywhere. Filled with the most delightful reading matter of splendid variety, its illustrations are not only profuse, but rich, and in all its appointments it is simply luxurious. One feels like handling it daintily, so choice and elegant is it in its general get-up.—*Erie Dispatch, Pa.*

THE COSMOPOLITAN is one of the most entertaining of the monthlies, and appears to be rapidly growing in public favor.—*Bristol Republican, Taunton, Mass.*

THE COSMOPOLITAN has shown itself to be one of the most enterprising and interesting of our magazines, and must secure wide popularity.—*Christian Register, Boston*.

Each number strongly sustains the standing of this bright young magazine by the timeliness of its subjects and the crispness of its varied contents.—*Kansas City Times*.

The August number of THE COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE is filled from cover to cover with interesting reading matter, and the illustrations scattered through its pages are of a high order of merit.—*The Lumberman, Chicago*.

THE COSMOPOLITAN for July is a superbly illustrated number, and has an abundance of readable matter.—*The Age, Belfast, Me.*

THE COSMOPOLITAN is an illustrated monthly which has only to be seen to be appreciated.—*Kansas City Commercial*.

The ever interesting COSMOPOLITAN has come for August.—*Daily Commercial, Bangor, Me.*

THE COSMOPOLITAN for July is well filled with bright and taking stories and historical matter, well illustrated.—*The Christian Standard, Boston*.

THE COSMOPOLITAN for July is full of interesting and instructive articles. This monthly is growing in favor with every new number.—*The Item, Mansfield, Pa.*

THE COSMOPOLITAN for August appears to-day. It is profusely illustrated, and has practical as well as entertaining articles.—*Evening Gazette, Worcester, Mass.*

The contents of the August COSMOPOLITAN have all something to recommend them to the reader's attention. Each of the other contributions is notable in its own way, and will furnish thoughtful and entertaining reading for every reader.—*Boston Times*.

THE COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE, which of late has made great strides into public favor.—*Republican Journal, Belfast, Me.*

THE COSMOPOLITAN for July brings regrets that we missed the June number.—*Herald, Grand Haven, Mich.*

As will be seen by its list of attractions, this number of THE COSMOPOLITAN is unusually strong, and compares favorably for interest with the older monthlies. The new management gave promise of great enterprise, a promise now made good by fulfillment.—*Buffalo Courier*.

THE COSMOPOLITAN has a close touch with popular feelings and enterprises, so that its pages reflect current life in a decisive and interesting manner.—*Boston Journal*.

THE COSMOPOLITAN for August is a handsome number of a remarkably bright magazine.—*Vox Populi, Lowell, Mass.*

This illustrated monthly of late has been climbing right up among the best publications of its kind.—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette*.

There is not an unreadable article in THE COSMOPOLITAN. Since this magazine came to New York it has become infused with the journalistic spirit, and its pages are made up of what in journalist's parlance is called "lively reading."—*N. Y. Critic*.

THE COSMOPOLITAN occupies a field not exactly filled by any other monthly publication, and its low price has always seemed remarkable, in view of the quantity, variety, and excellent literary quality of its offerings.—*Providence Journal*.

There are many fine articles in prose and verse, and the magazine deserves a high rank.—*Massachusetts Ploughman, Boston*.

The June number of THE COSMOPOLITAN is of a character thoroughly to sustain the reputation of this excellent monthly. The illustrations are exceptionally fine. They are executed with warmth and naturalness as well as with great artistic excellence.—*Boston Commonwealth*.

THE COSMOPOLITAN comes to the book table crisp and bright as a freshly plucked June rose.—*Toledo Journal*.

THE COSMOPOLITAN for July is full of interest. The new management of this excellent journal gives decided evidence that it will not be content with maintaining its former standard of excellence.—*The Eagle, Butler, Pa.*

THE COSMOPOLITAN, with its pages rich in illustration of the pleasant text of essay, song, and story, is one of the most readable of the magazines. The whole number is good, and twenty-five cents could hardly be better spent.—*Baltimore American*.

THE COSMOPOLITAN, the peer of any of the popular magazines of the day, both as regards literary contents and illustrations, is rapidly moving up to the front rank in circulation, and is destined soon to hustle the best of the standard periodicals. It is now come to be an established requirement in the conduct of magazines, as it is in newspapers, that their contents shall be timely, and in this regard THE COSMOPOLITAN is in no manner lacking.—*Erie Review, Pa.*

That THE COSMOPOLITAN has many readers is not to be wondered at, for its contents are interesting and varied, and the illustrations always suited to the text.—*Boston Times*.

THE COSMOPOLITAN is a model popular magazine.—*Albany Argus*.

THE COSMOPOLITAN is one of the best magazines that can be printed, and should find a place on every library table.—*Buffalo Medical Journal*.

THE COSMOPOLITAN, of New York, is a model. It is one of the finest illustrated magazines in America.—*Jeffersonian, Ohio*.

There is no deterioration in THE COSMOPOLITAN. On the contrary, each issue of this sterling magazine maintains the high standard of excellence attained by its predecessors, and marks an onward step in the career of the publication.—*Plain Speaker, Hamilton, Pa.*

THE COSMOPOLITAN for August furnishes a most interesting table of contents for this hot weather, and any quantity of rare illustrations. This is one of the brightest, prettiest, and most readable publications that reaches our table, full of matter both valuable and entertaining, and without a single stupid or heavy page about it.—*Democratic Watchman, Bellefonte, Pa.*

For August THE COSMOPOLITAN is a bright and sparkling issue, replete with elegant illustrations and gems of literature.—*The Souvenir, Jefferson, Iowa*.

THE COSMOPOLITAN is nearing the end of its sixth volume, and it certainly is maintaining its early-gained reputation for timely and clever descriptive articles and for modern-looking, well-made illustrations.—*Chicago Interior*.

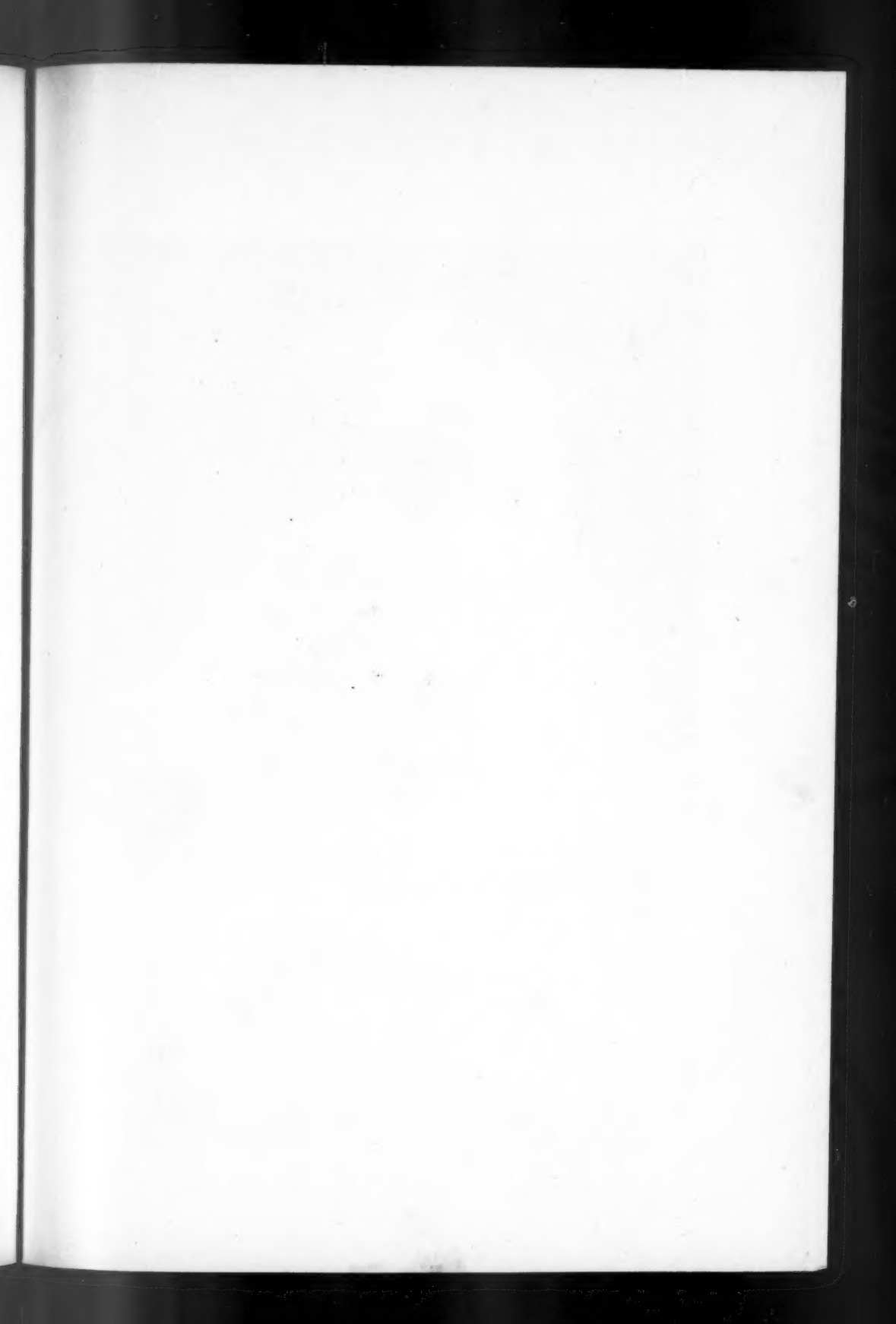
The profusion of illustrations in THE COSMOPOLITAN for June constitutes an exceptional attraction of itself, for the engravings are of fine tone, and full of spirit, and therefore add much to the force of the text.—*The Citizen, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Frequent occasion has been taken here to do credit to the intelligence with which THE COSMOPOLITAN is edited from month to month.—*Providence Daily Journal*.

THE COSMOPOLITAN for August has been received, and it is not only one of the finest magazines published, but it is one of the cheapest.—*Topeka Mail, Kan.*

It more than deserves its success. It is the only cheap and popular monthly which has a high intellectual tone and is at the same time bright, newsway and artistic.—*New York Journalist*.

The marvel is how the publishers can give so much for the money.—*Phila. Evening Call*.





AN EGYPTIAN LADY.

(See "Cairo under the Khedive.")